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November

Outside, in the dusk and the drizzle, the newspaper-sellers are doing a brisk trade in the Classified Results editions. In buses, trains and cars a million fans—elated or deflated as the case may be—stream homeward from a thousand grounds, reviewing the match in terms which range from the smugly self-satisfied to the frankly embittered (“Whose side are *you* on, ref?”) . . . You may think of football as something that has always been with us and so, in a sense, it has, for goodness knows when the first man first kicked the first ball about. But it took a long time to get things organised and the present Association Rules date, rather surprisingly, only from 1863. As a national institution, therefore, football is a good deal younger than that other great national institution, the Midland Bank, which has been providing an ever-growing variety of banking services for an ever-growing number of people ever since 1836.

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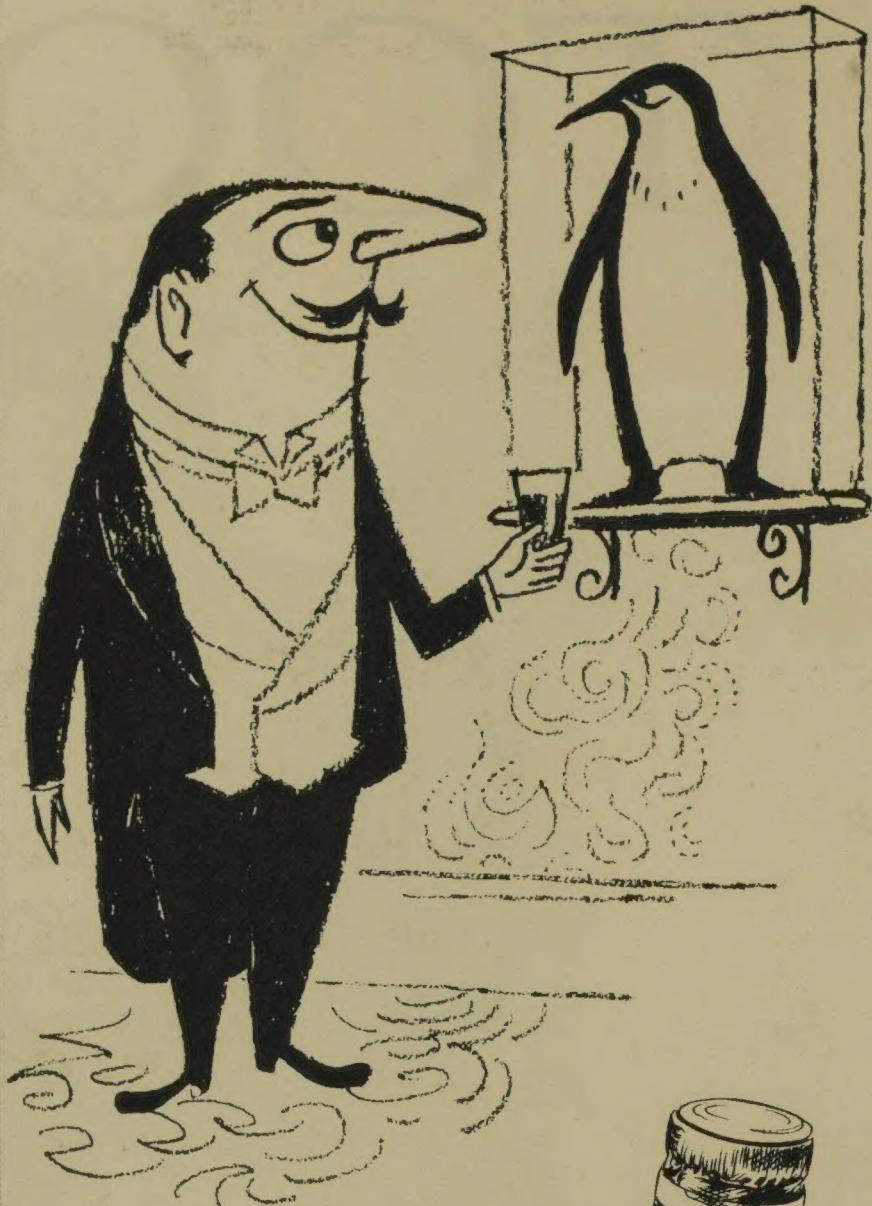
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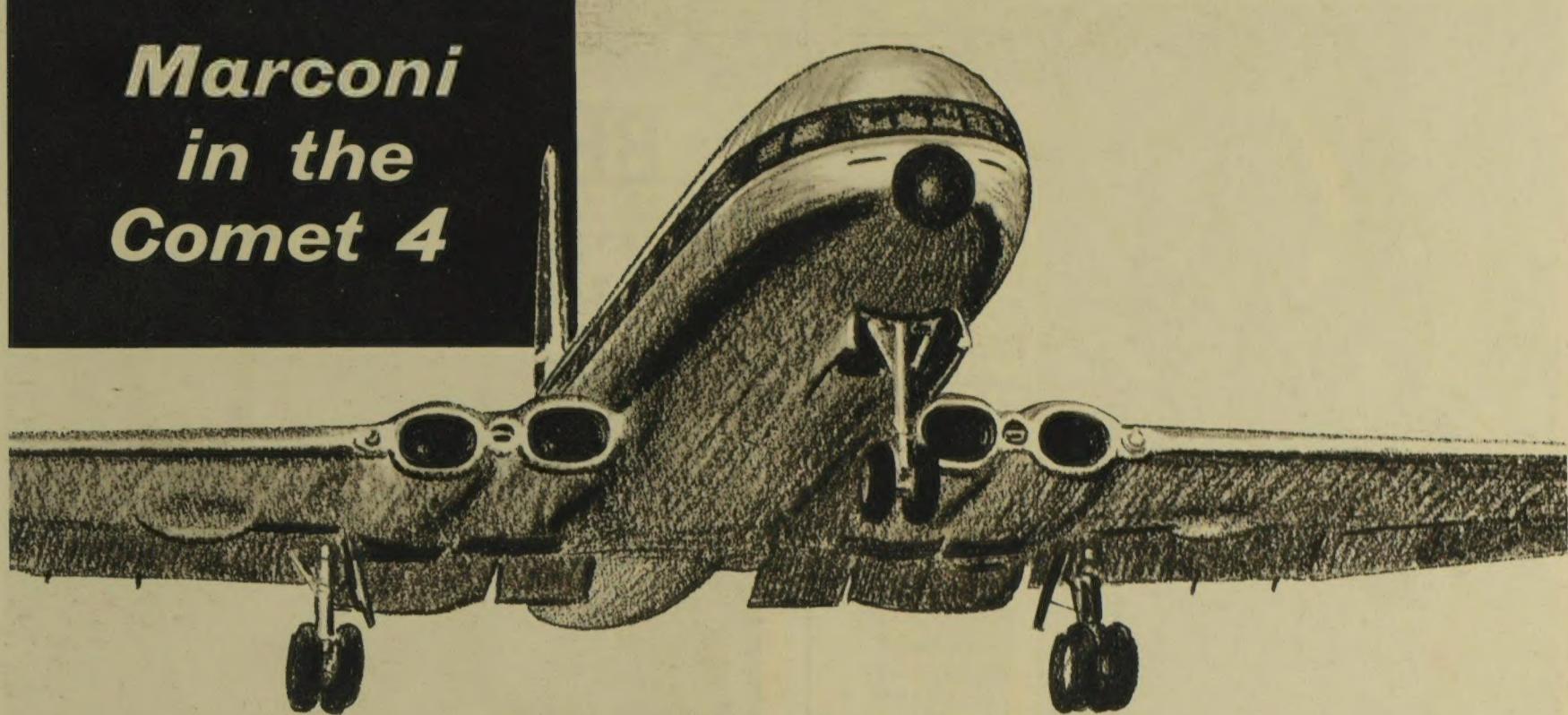
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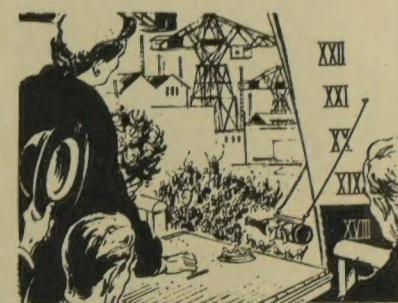


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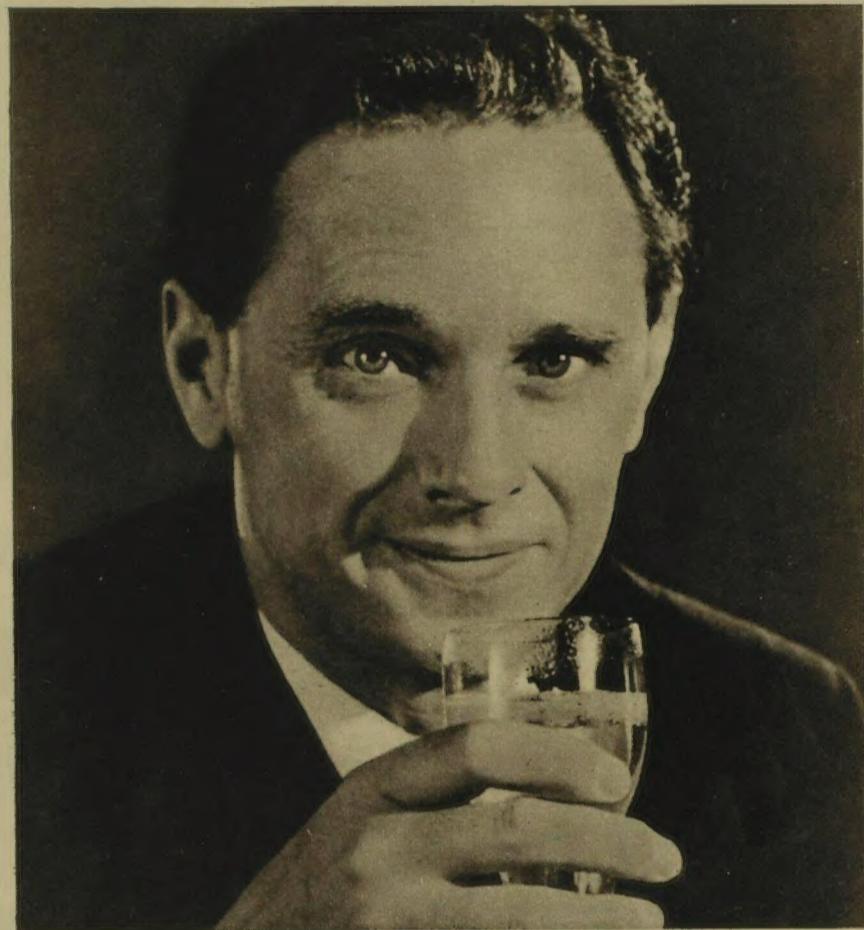
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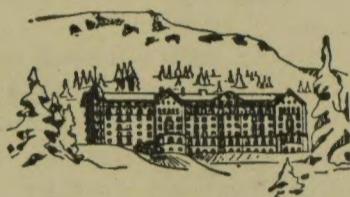
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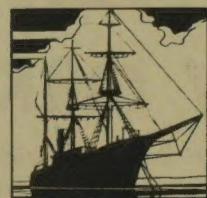
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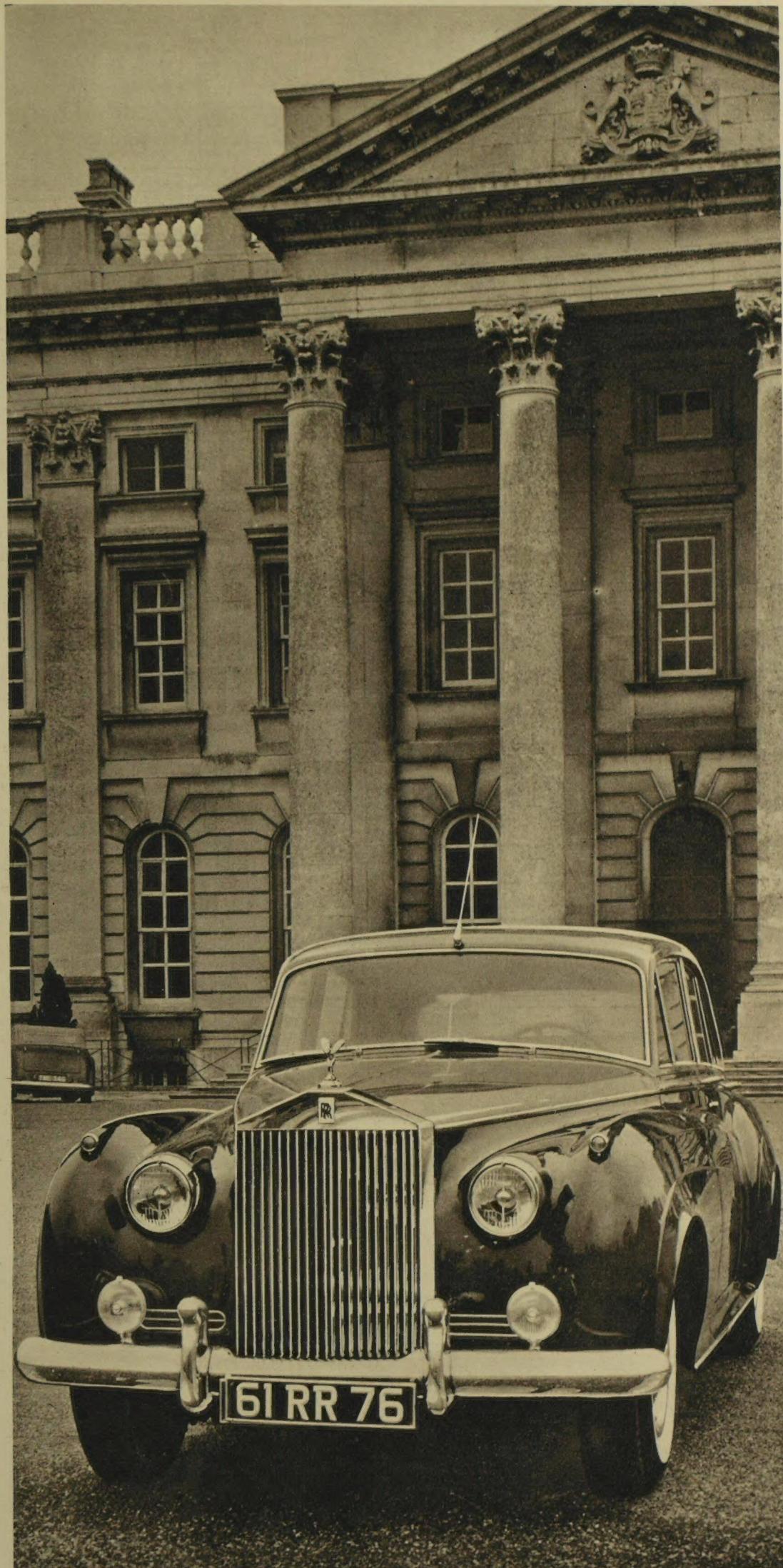
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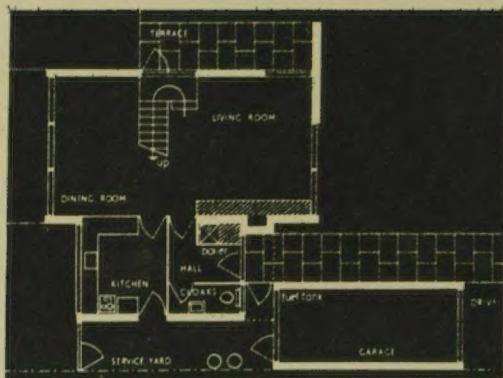


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HERE, IN THIS CHARMING MODERN HOUSE, is proof that oil-fired central heating is now within the reach of more and more home-buyers. The total construction costs of this house are estimated at £3,500. This figure includes £300 for the cost of installing an oil-fired boiler, storage tank, and central heating system.

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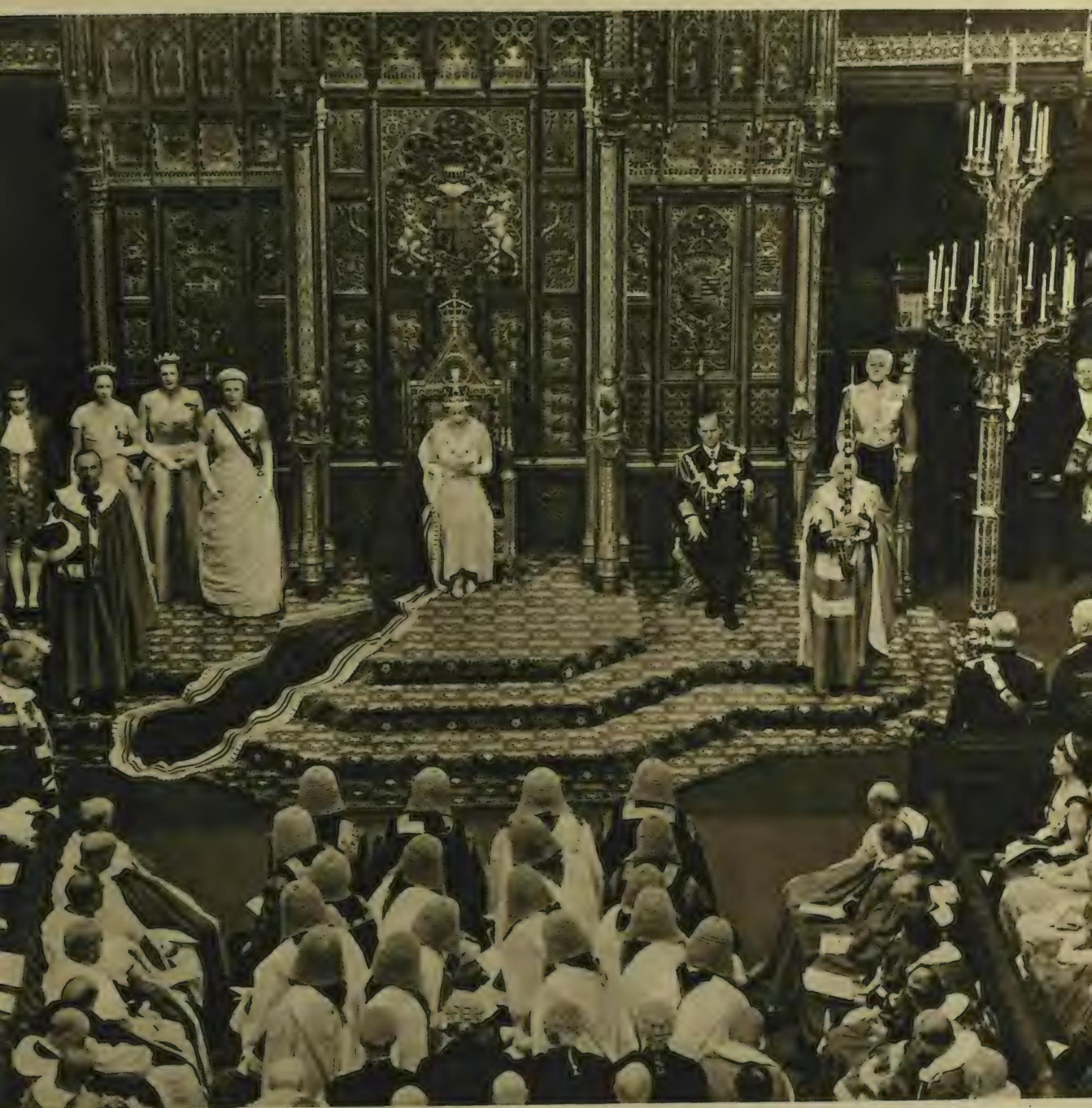
If you are thinking of building, buying or converting, there is a publication on oil-fired central heating, 'Warmth in the Modern Home', that will give you further details. This publication is available to you, free on request; write to: Esso Home Heating Department AR, 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, SW1.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1958.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW SESSION OF PARLIAMENT : HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN READING "THE GRACIOUS SPEECH" DURING THE COLOURFUL CEREMONY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The State Opening of the new session of Parliament, televised, broadcast on radio and photographed for the first time, took place during the morning of October 28. The current session is the fourth, of the 300th Parliament, and the opening ceremony was seen by television viewers all over Europe as well as those at home. In the magnificent scene shown in the photograph, the Queen is wearing the Imperial State Crown and is reading from the

parchment script the Speech, in which the Sovereign outlines the Government's programme. On her Majesty's left is the Duke of Edinburgh, and on his left, Lord Montgomery, holding the Sword of State. At the other end of the dais is the Earl of Home, with the Cap of Maintenance. In the first seat of the bench to the extreme right is the Duchess of Gloucester, and immediately in front of her, the Duke of Gloucester.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN a country as rich in history as ours and—so little invaded and devastated by war—possessing so many relics of its past, the traveller with historical knowledge and imagination is constantly being reminded of it. As Kipling wrote half-a-century ago:—

Trackway and camp and city lost
Salt marsh where once was corn,
Old wars, old peace, old arts that cease
And so was England born.

As one goes about the country the focus of historical vision is for ever changing; in Buckinghamshire, for instance, with Stowe and Dropmore and red-brick Georgian towns like Amersham, one finds oneself in the eighteenth century; in the neighbouring country of Oxfordshire, with its memories of the Civil War and of the Clarendonian university, it is mainly of a century earlier that one thinks, while in East Anglia, with its Tudor gateways and glorious Perpendicular towers and, at its heart, the architectural miracles of King's College Chapel and the Great Court at Trinity, that most basic and germinating of our recent centuries fills the mind—the one that covered the years from Henry VII's accession in 1485 to his Royal grand-daughter's death in 1603. I say "basic" because it was in the sixteenth century that the essential framework of modern England's civilisation was made. The Common Law and the jury system, the great twelfth- and thirteenth-century cathedrals with their fourteenth- and fifteenth-century additions, and English Christianity itself hail from earlier and dimmer ages, but the sixteenth century saw the birth, though not the full establishment, of Parliamentary government, the real beginnings of the Royal Navy—essentially a Tudor creation—and the appearance of England's flag and trade in the oceans of the world—the most important factor, until the rise of Marxism, in human history for close on four centuries.

It was the three great Tudor monarchs, Henry VII, Henry VIII and Elizabeth, who gave our English society the slant it retained until well into my lifetime and, if certain modern traits prove ephemeral, as I think they may, that may still endure for generations to come—adventurous, acquisitive, courageous, well-knit and firmly governed, yet libertarian, kindly and, because libertarian, ultimately and inherently tolerant. It is this England that has four times saved Europe and the world from an authoritarian tyranny; that through its own practice and example, and through the colonisation of North America and the outer Continents, has established democratic government—never formerly achieved anywhere save on a very small scale and for very brief periods—over so large a portion of the globe. I use the word England here advisedly, for, though this achievement has been wrought as much by Scotsmen, Welshmen and Irishmen as by Englishmen, it was out of England's historic polity rather than out of Wales' or Ireland's or even Scotland's—the truest democracy on earth—that all this originally derived, while nearly nine-tenths of the present population of the British Isles are of predominantly English descent. And though Scotland and Wales, and to a lesser degree Ireland, have since the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries shared in all that England has done and made England "Britain" and English "British," historically speaking their national cultures have never transformed or even much influenced the fundamental English institutions that we now

speak of and think of as British. Parliament, for instance, would probably be very much what it is to-day if Wales, Scotland and Ireland had remained separate nations. So far as I can recall golf is almost the only institution common to all four British peoples that derives entirely from one of England's sister-nations, and I doubt whether its impact on the world has been wholly beneficial to Britain's prestige and power; the Scots, with their tough moral fibre, were never likely to neglect business and duty for a game, but the pleasure-loving English have not been so immune from temptation! On the other hand, all the finest and most characteristic contributions of the Scottish, Welsh and Irish polities and cultures, like the Eisteddfod and the Highland clan system have remained purely and exclusively Scottish, Welsh or Irish and have never been merged into a common British culture and polity; even that magnificent historic achievement and living organism, the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, stems from Scotland alone and is a Scottish, not a "British," contribution to mankind's well-being and progress. So I hope I shall be forgiven when

THE LORD BLEDISLOE GOLD MEDAL.



PRESENTED TO LORD IVEAGH BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL ON OCTOBER 23: THE LORD BLEDISLOE GOLD MEDAL—AWARDED ANNUALLY TO A LANDOWNER FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICES TO AGRICULTURE.

Lord Iveagh was the first recipient of the annual Lord Bledisloe Gold Medal, which was presented to him by the Princess Royal at the headquarters of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Before his death the late Lord Bledisloe, who died in July, instituted a Trust Fund of £3000 to be administered by three trustees appointed by the Royal Agricultural Society of England. The main provision of the trust is that a gold medal to the value of £100 shall be awarded annually to a landowner, who in the opinion of the Trustees, has rendered outstanding services to agriculture. The medal, which is 2 1/2 ins. in diameter, was designed by Leslie Durbin. On the reverse there is a portrait of Coke of Norfolk, based on a painting by Reinagle.

I speak of England's history, even though England's sister-nations can claim, and claim justly, an equal share in the development and world-wide application during the last three centuries of England's institutions.

Moreover, the journeys that have inspired these random reflections have been mainly English; I have not been looking at Irish round towers or Scottish castles and, had I been, it would doubtless have been of the history of Ireland or Scotland that I should have thought. It has been England's landscape and England's architecture that I have seen from train window or car, and of England's history that I have been reminded—a history going far back beyond the union of the British nations. The most dominant and characteristic sight of all has been the church towers rising above the rooftops of every English village and town—the towers that rose in our land in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, so that in a history of England which I am writing, for purposes of nomenclature, I have christened the period between Agincourt and the Reformation as the "Age of Towers." The unity of that age in our national existence can be realised most clearly of all, I think, in East Anglia, and be seen in its supreme expression in the interior of King's College Chapel, where the great architect who built "Bell Harry" tower at

Canterbury raised that wonderful vaulted roof which is the epitome of English church building and, at their highest, of English faith and character.

In far East Anglian churches, the
clasped hands lying long
Recumbent on sepulchral slabs or
effigied in brass
Buttress with prayer this vaulted roof
so white and light and strong,
And countless congregations as the
generations pass
Join choir and great crowned organ case,
in centuries of song
To praise Eternity contained in Time and
coloured glass.*

Winston Churchill told us that 1940 was Britain's finest hour and, if we are thinking of the composite nation which we call Britain, he was probably right. Certainly neither Britain nor England ever stood in greater danger or faced heavier odds, except in the remote age when young Alfred held together a dissolving Christian Wessex and with it checked and repulsed the all-consuming power of the pagan Norsemen. Yet apart from the magnificent victory of the few in the Battle of Britain, and the miracle of an encircled army's escape from destruction and its subsequent transportation across the Channel, 1940 was a year in which weakness, rather than greatness, seemed our country's distinguishing trait; she was far greater in 1943 when she struck down the Germans in Tunisia, invaded Sicily and scourged the Nazi industrial strongholds from the air. Sir Winston's invincible defiance and her people's patience and fortitude under the blitz were the things one most remembers of that earlier year of peril and disaster. But if I were to be asked what was England's finest hour, I think I should name a September day in 1580 when Francis Drake, after nearly three years' voyaging, returned in the *Golden Hind* from circumnavigating the globe. Listening the other day on a raw cold late autumn evening in a Cambridge lecture hall, to that great Elizabethan scholar, Dr. A. L. Rowse, delivering the first of the Trevelyan

Lectures, I realised, as never before, how significant that voyage was, how deeply it impressed itself on the imagination of the English and how far-reaching were its effects. From it, more than from any other single event, sprang the future colonisation of North America by the English nation and the development of England as the world's supreme maritime power. To Plymouth, so cruelly devastated in the last war, belongs the glory of having witnessed the moment of England's greatest glory. An anonymous contemporary expressed the sense of it in words whose wonder and triumph still ring down the ages, as ours would if Britain to-day were suddenly to out-distance by far in achievement the mighty giants of Soviet Russia and the United States which seem to outshadow her.

Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou didst compass round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw,
Which north and south do bound,
The stars above would make thee known,
If men here silent were,
The sun himself cannot forget
His fellow traveller.

* John Betjeman, "A Few Late Chrysanthemums," John Murray, p. 4.

IN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND:
SOME RECENT ROYAL OCCASIONS.

AT GLEN FINGLAS, PERTHSHIRE: PRINCESS MARGARET, ON DAIS AT RIGHT, INAUGURATING A NEW PROJECT TO INCREASE GLASGOW'S WATER SUPPLY.



AT NEWBURY: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER PATTING HER HORSE DOUBLE STAR AFTER HIS WIN IN THE TWO MILES STEEPECHASE.



THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE COMMONWEALTH LAND FORCES WAR MEMORIAL, BROOKWOOD, SURREY, WHICH HER MAJESTY UNVEILED ON OCTOBER 25.



THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE BROOKWOOD WAR MEMORIAL TO COMMONWEALTH LAND FORCES—A CIRCULAR COLONNADE OF PORTLAND STONE—with the architect, Mr. Ralph Hobday.



HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. HOBDAY, WHO DESIGNED THE COMMONWEALTH WAR MEMORIAL AT BROOKWOOD.



AT THE "PENDULUM TO ATOM" EXHIBITION AT GOLDSMITHS' HALL, LONDON: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STUDYING THE CHARTER OF THE COMPANY OF CLOCKMAKERS.

On October 23 both the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had public engagements in London. The Queen paid a short visit to the Dairy Show at Olympia, where she was presented with a model of a dairy cow, made of 1 cwt. of ice-cream, by the British Dairy Farmers' Association, the model being sent off rapidly to the Prince of Wales at Cheam School. The Duke of Edinburgh visited the "Pendulum to Atom" Exhibition, held to mark the centenary of the British Horological Institute, and was presented with watches for the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne. Meanwhile, Princess Margaret was in Scotland,



THE QUEEN AT THE DAIRY SHOW AT OLYMPIA, LONDON, WATCHING A PROCESS USED IN THE MAKING OF CHEESE.

where she opened the new Glen Finglas project to increase Glasgow's water supply. The following day, she was at Newbury with her Majesty the Queen Mother, whose horse *Double Star*, starting a short-priced favourite, won the two miles steeplechase. On October 25, a pleasant autumn day, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, unveiled the Imperial War Graves Commission's Brookwood Memorial to men and women of the Commonwealth land forces who died during the Second World War and have no known grave. On the Memorial panels are the names of 3500 killed in the War.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OPENING PARLIAMENT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS ON OCTOBER 28, WHEN LORDS AND COMMONS AND THE NEW LIFE PEERESSES GATHERED TO HEAR THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Soon after the House of Lords had witnessed one historic event, the introduction of the Life Peeresses, another swiftly followed—on October 28, when the State Opening of Parliament, always an occasion of brilliant pageantry, was televised by the B.B.C. for the first time; and as a result photographs were also for the first time taken of a major political and diplomatic event. It was, however, made clear that the ceremony was regarded as a State occasion, quite distinct from the day-to-day work of Parliament, and that the Government had no intention of proposing that facilities for television (and so, by implication, for the photographing) of those day-to-day proceedings should be allowed. The television programme was also carried by Eurovision to seven countries. Her Majesty drove from Buckingham Palace in the Irish State Coach with the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry. Meanwhile, the Lords, Bishops and Judges and the new Life Peeresses had taken their places in the Chamber, the vaults

of which had been previously ceremonially searched by Yeomen of the Guard. After reaching the House of Lords, the Queen entered the Robing Chamber; and presently, after a fanfare of trumpets, the procession entered the Chamber, preceded by the Heralds and the Pursuivants and the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Earl Marshal, both walking backwards before the Queen, magnificently robed, wearing the Imperial State Crown and her long train carried two pages; and the Duke of Edinburgh, in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, holding her left hand. They were immediately preceded by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery carrying the State Standard, Earl of Ulster carrying the Cap of Maintenance. After the Queen was seated on the Throne, Jack Rod summoned the Commons, who took their places at the Bar of the House; and Lord Kilmar, the Lord Chancellor, advanced and, kneeling on one knee, handed to the Queen the parchment bearing her speech; which she then read.

FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY'S lectures in the last few years have always been events. He keeps strictly to business. By this I do not mean that he disregards politics—far from it, because he includes them as one of the most important elements of business. He does not, however, deal to any great extent with public opinion. He is not afraid of the obvious; but the superior folk who are most conscious of this do not notice that the obvious is brought in to lead his listeners and readers on to ideas which are far from obvious. Over-simplification sometimes? Perhaps, but I should be the last to criticise because, having a mind which naturally breeds qualifications and concessions, I am apt to leave doubt in some people's minds as to what I am advocating.

The latest in the series of lectures at the Royal United Service Institution was still more forthright than usual, probably because the lecturer is now no longer in harness. He began with a clear historical summary, from the end of a war which two of the main victors, the United States and Britain, lost politically. Next he drew up a profit and loss account since—not a cheering document. Briefly, he sees loss in Asia (including the Middle East) and Africa; loss to the extreme and most hostile form of Communism, as in China; to an unfriendly form of neutralism, shading off to neutralism pure and simple; material loss and loss of prestige. Only in Europe is there a balance of profit, and it cannot be called a large one.

For him, the European gains have been mainly brought about by N.A.T.O. and by the nuclear deterrent. He is certain that the latter has immensely lightened the danger of a nuclear war. True to form, he does not—thank goodness—engage in the word-chopping on the lines, "When is a weapon not a weapon?" "When you can't use it?" "Well, what's the good of it?" which has become popular. He does remind us that when N.A.T.O. started to build, it realised the impossibility of matching Communist strength in conventional forces, and therefore announced that, if subjected to a major attack, *even if nuclear weapons were not used against it in the first instance*, it would use the nuclear deterrent as a weapon. And he concludes this section of the lecture with the words: "And that is how we stand to-day."

He did not question the efficacy of the deterrent, which is the efficacy of retaliation, or allude to recent pronouncements in the United States that Russia had gone so far ahead as to make this more than doubtful for some years to come. It has been stated from apparently good sources, notably a recent book by General Gavin, that Russia has made a sharp spurt, with the result that the power she can put into a blow would be vast and far-reaching enough to rob retaliation of a great part of its strength, and therefore of its efficacy as a deterrent. The presumption must be that he does not consider that such a state of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MONTGOMERY ON EAST VERSUS WEST.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

affairs has arisen. We know, anyhow, how greatly the sputniks have alarmed scientific and military opinion in the United States and that they might act as eyes, even as cartographic instruments.

However, one of the main features of the lecture is that the cold war, Asia, the Middle East, and Africa loom larger than in the early period of N.A.T.O., and that the importance they have gained has been largely at the expense of Europe. They have become the big problems. It is through and in them that the Communist might gradually create a stranglehold on the trade of the Free World, on half its oil resources, and on its access to many other commodities which are vital to it. Here he reproaches the United States. He says

control or command of the sea. He believes that present policy should be based on the retention of control of the seas in our hands. Unhappily, the power, so far as this country is concerned, has been allowed to seep away. One cannot even be certain that enough remains in the hands of the United States. The large fleet of Russian submarines, which can presumably make use of nuclear missiles, is formidable. Command of the seas would be hard to secure and gradual attainment would not suffice as of old.

I have left last the most remarkable feature of the Field Marshal's message. He is not setting out a novelty when he speaks of the structural flaws of N.A.T.O., but he makes new points which I have not seen presented so arrestingly before. The organisation has got out of date. It is "cumbersome and grossly over-staffed." What has put it out of date is, more than any other factor, its structure. Because the Standing Group is in Washington, Ambassadors and Defence Ministers resort to S.H.A.P.E., which has thus become a political centre. He does not say anything quite so unkind as that it has become a public relations centre, but it sometimes takes on that guise.

Moreover, Lord Montgomery asserts, the visitors come to lobby the Supreme Commander about local interests and there is too much manoeuvring in the Council in Paris. Among his proposals are two of importance: that the Standing Group should move to Paris and that the Council should lay down policy clearly. The second is unexceptionable. I am not bold enough to say whether the first is practicable, but I should have thought that, if it were carried out, there would still have to be some equivalent of the Standing



LORD MONTGOMERY'S CRITICISMS OF N.A.T.O.: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HE GAVE HIS LECTURE.

On October 24, in a lecture to the Royal United Service Institution, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery described the whole N.A.T.O. organisation as "complicated, cumbersome, and grossly over-staffed." Lord Montgomery, who had shortly previously relinquished his appointment as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, also said that the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation's strategical thinking was muddled and the global aspect of defence totally disregarded. Above, he is seen arriving for the lecture with General Sir George Erskine (right foreground). Cyril Falls discusses

Lord Montgomery's criticisms in his article this week.

she has in the past adopted a dual policy: support of N.A.T.O. States in Europe and opposition to them outside.

He asserts that this practice has only now been abandoned by the United States, always "at least two years behind in her understanding of Europe." He points to her attitude to the Dutch, French, and British empires. Here I will make one of my qualifications. I have many times expressed sympathy for France and the Netherlands in Asia. But, first, I suggest that we played a part in turning the Dutch out of the East Indies, and, secondly, it is possible that neither could have been maintained without endless war. The experiment was not made in Indonesia or with sufficient determination in Indo-China. I am sure Lord Montgomery is correct in his view that the interest of one N.A.T.O. partner is the interest of all, outside the N.A.T.O. area as well as within it.

His remarks on the continuing importance of sea power are of great significance. Nearly all the great wars of the past have been distinguished by the defeat of the purely land power faced by

Group in Washington. This would not be an economy, which he has in mind, though economies at S.H.A.P.E. might be big enough to cover it and leave a fair surplus.

The outstanding proposal is that N.A.T.O. must look outside its European blinkers and realise that defence requires a global policy. This would mean in practice that the three world powers in the organisation, the United States, the United Kingdom, and France, must agree on a common global policy, and that this should be political as well as strategic. He has drawn up proposals for a new "set-up." One feature is an organisation (located in Canada) to plan the defence of the Free World and direct and co-ordinate the activities of the Supreme Commanders. Linked to this would be an authority entrusted with the direction and control of the Free World's air activities. In the abstract he is undoubtedly right, but I recall what I said about public opinion. I hear in advance cries of "Whose finger on the trigger?" Governments have to pay heed to such voices—in the Free World.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



WALLING-UP ONE OF THE ENTRANCES INTO THE PART OF THE VATICAN WHERE THE CONCLAVE TOOK PLACE. ONLY TWO ENTRANCES WERE NOT BRICKED UP.



A PAINTED CEILING AND AN IRON BEDSTEAD : ONE OF THE BEDROOMS PREPARED FOR THE CARDINALS DURING THE PERIOD OF THE CONCLAVE. THE BEDROOMS VARIED CONSIDERABLY IN COMFORT AND AMENITY.



THE STOVE WHICH GAVE THE RESULTS, FREQUENTLY WITH SOME CONFUSION. WHITE SMOKE MEANS AN ELECTION ACHIEVED ; BLACK, NO RESULT.

**THE VATICAN CITY.
THE CONCLAVE AREA.**

The Conclave area of the Vatican, into which the fifty-one Cardinals and their attendant assistants, doctors and the nuns who do their cooking, entered on the evening of October 25, is centred round the Cortiles of San Damaso and the Pappagallo. All entrances to this area, save two, were bricked up ; and the two remaining doors were locked from within. All food and similar supplies were passed through the revolving hatch shown below. The Cardinals' apartments are all improvised for the occasion and many were striking combinations of simple discomfort and splendours of art and architecture. The voting took place in the superb Sistine Chapel, overshadowed by Michelangelo's frescoes, which in their turn were partly obscured by the temporary altar and the canopies of the Cardinals' thrones.

(Right.)
PREPARED FOR THE CONCLAVE : THE SUPERB SISTINE CHAPEL, WITH THE TEMPORARY ALTAR, THE CANOPIED THRONES FOR THE CARDINALS, AND TABLES FOR SECRETARIES.



THE CONCLAVE'S SOLE CONTACT WITH THE OUTER WORLD : THE REVOLVING HATCH THROUGH WHICH THE FOOD SUPPLIES ARE PASSED, AS IS BEING DONE HERE.



LOCKING THE DOOR FROM THE BORGIA COURTYARD TO THE CONCLAVE AREA : THE CARMELLENGO, CARDINAL MASELLA (SECOND FROM RIGHT), WATCHED BY CARDINAL TISSERANT.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.

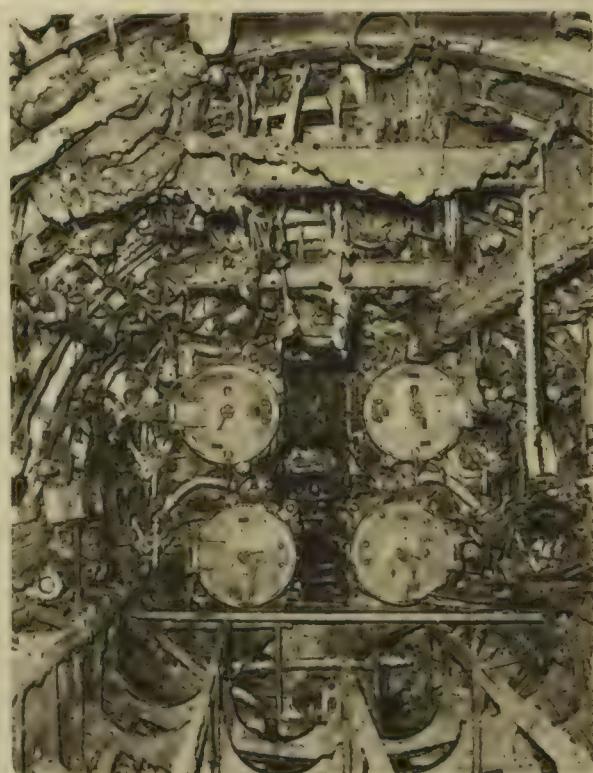


NOVA SCOTIA. AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE COAL MINE AT SPRINGHILL, WHERE NINETY-THREE MINERS WERE MISSING AFTER AN EARTH TREMOR.

On October 24 it was believed that ninety-three men had been killed after they had been trapped in a deep coal mine at Springhill, Nova Scotia, following an earth tremor. 174 men were originally trapped, but eighty-one had escaped, seventeen of them being injured. The mine is described as the deepest in North America, descending over 4000 ft. below the surface.



ONE OF THE SURVIVORS (LEFT) OF THE SPRINGHILL MINE DISASTER ENTERING A FIRST-AID BUILDING AFTER HIS ESCAPE. EIGHTY-ONE MEN ESCAPED, BUT SEVENTEEN OF THEM WERE INJURED.



NORWAY. AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS ON THE SEA BED: THE INTERIOR OF A GERMAN U-BOAT, SUNK AT THE END OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN SALVAGED.



THE HOLE IN THE U-BOAT'S HULL, MADE BY A ROCKET FROM A MOSQUITO AIRCRAFT. THE U-BOAT SANK WITHIN MINUTES OF BEING HIT.



ONE OF THE SALVAGE MEN WITH BARRELS OF OPIUM AND, LEFT, BARS OF TIN WHICH FORMED PART OF THE U-BOAT'S CARGO.

In April 1945, the German U-boat, *U-843*, sank off the coast of Denmark after being struck by a rocket from a British *Mosquito* fighter-bomber. The wreck was recently raised by a Norwegian salvage organisation. The *U-843* was returning to Germany from Singapore and her cargo included tin, molybdenum, wolfram, rubber and, surprisingly, a ton of opium.



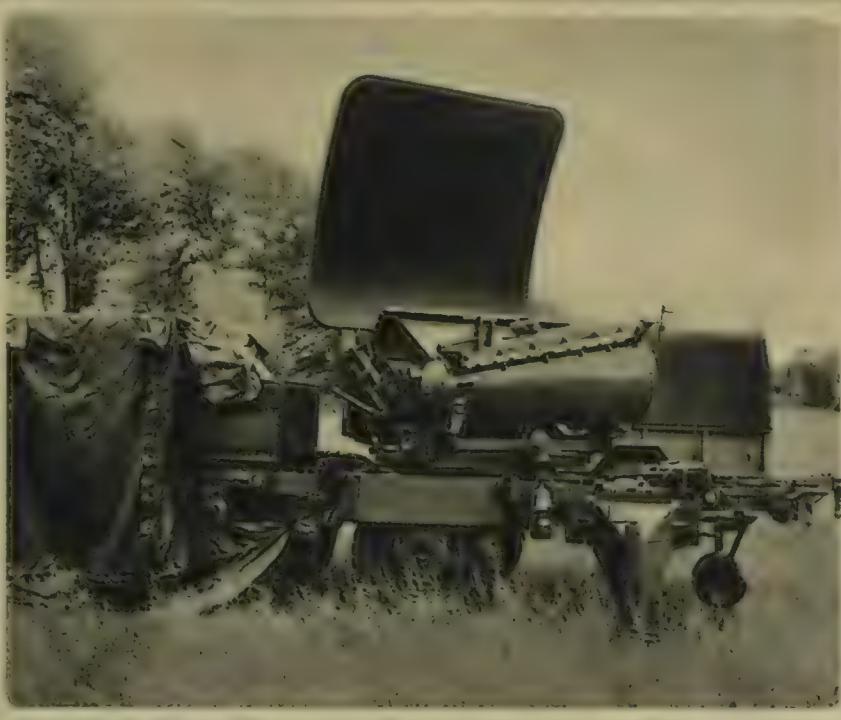
ITALY. THE WRECKAGE OF THE B.E.A. VISCOUNT WHICH CRASHED NEAR NETTUNO WITH THE LOSS OF THIRTY-ONE LIVES AFTER COLLIDING WITH AN ITALIAN FIGHTER.

All the passengers and crew, totalling thirty-one, of a British European Airways *Viscount* were killed when their aircraft collided with an Italian Air Force jet fighter on October 22. The pilot of the fighter was injured but escaped by parachute. The tragedy occurred near Anzio.



AFTER THE VISCOUNT COLLISION: THE FIGHTER'S EJECTOR SEAT. THE EJECTOR CARTRIDGE WAS UNFIRED.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



UNITED STATES. DESIGNED TO DETECT A MORTAR SHELL IN FLIGHT AND ELECTRONICALLY COMPUTE THE LOCATION OF THE ENEMY MORTAR: A MOBILE MORTAR LOCATOR RADAR UNIT BEING TESTED AT A GENERAL ELECTRIC ESTABLISHMENT AT SYRACUSE, N.Y.



PARIS, FRANCE. SUICIDE BY BLOWING UP HIS OWN HOUSE: SOLDIERS SEARCHING IN THE RUBBLE OF A HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS WHICH WAS DELIBERATELY BLOWN UP BY ITS OWNER, RENE MAUCHAUSSE, WHO DIED IN THE EXPLOSION. THERE WERE NO OTHER CASUALTIES. M. MAUCHAUSSE HAD RECENTLY LOST HIS JOB.



FRANCE. A REMARKABLE NEW "WORLD RECORD": FRENCH DRIVER, JEAN SUNNY, SETTING UP A NEW "WORLD RECORD" FOR DRIVING A CAR ON TWO WHEELS. BEFORE AN AUDIENCE OF 2000 HE DROVE 85½ YARDS ON TWO WHEELS AT AN ANGLE OF ABOUT 80 DEGS.



BIARRITZ, FRANCE. A SAFETY MEASURE FOR HILLY TOWNS: ONE OF THE SPECIAL "NOTCHES" IN THE KERBSTONE INSTALLED IN THE STEEPEST STREETS OF BIARRITZ TO PREVENT CARS ROLLING DOWNHILL IF THEIR HANDBRAKES FAIL. A FRONT WHEEL IS DRIVEN INTO THE "NOTCH."



GERMANY. THE ROOF OF THE BEETHOVEN HALL, BONN'S NEWEST CONCERT HALL. IT RESEMBLES A MOON PANORAMA. THE GYPSUM BODIES SEEN HERE ARE FILLED WITH GLASS-WOOL AND ARE MAINLY INSTALLED FOR ACOUSTIC PURPOSES.



NEW YORK. A SECTION OF THE LARGEST OPAL EVER FOUND IS EXAMINED BY THE PRESIDENT OF AMERICA'S BIGGEST OPAL IMPORTING CONCERN. This photograph shows Mr. Elliott Glasser, who is aged twenty-seven and is president of Panther International, the largest opal importer in the United States, examining one section of the largest opal ever found, it is stated. The section is one of three giant chunks which were previously a single stone weighing 125 lb. and worth about 175,000 dollars.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



(Left.)
UGANDA. AN AFRICAN WOMAN PRESENTING HER REGISTRATION CARD IN THE RECENT ELECTION. Polling took place for the election of ten African representative members of the Uganda Legislative Council on October 20, 22 and 24. 626,000 people—claimed to be the largest number of Africans to take part in direct elections in E. Africa—were registered for voting.



(Right.)
IN SOUTH-WEST UGANDA: AFRICANS WELCOMING THEIR CANDIDATE—DRESSED IN WHITE, IN THE CENTRE, IN THE ELECTION FOR TEN AFRICAN REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS OF THE UGANDA LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.



ITALY. THE UNEXPLODED SHELL ON THE ALTAR OF AN UNUSUAL CHURCH COMMEMORATING WAR DEAD OF ALL NATIONS.

In the small Apennine village of Cella di Varsi an unusual new church was recently opened in the presence of diplomats from many lands. The church, largely the result of years of work on the part of the local priest, whose own church was washed away in floods, contains numerous war relics and is a memorial to the war dead of all nations. Among the relics is part of Cologne Cathedral, part of a bombed London Church, water from Pearl Harbour and a letter from a German soldier killed in Russia.

THE WAR MEMORIAL CHURCH, THE INTERIOR OF WHICH IS largely built from remains of bombed churches.

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PERU. SIGNOR BINAGHI (68) AND HIS WIFE (64), VETERAN MOUNTAINEERS IN PERU.

An Italian scientific expedition which has recently climbed a series of Andean peaks over 15,000 ft. has been led by Luigi and Irene Binaghi, of whom it has been claimed that she is the first woman to climb over 15,000 ft.



TANGANYIKA. OPENING THE FIRST MEETING OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL TO BE ATTENDED BY ELECTED MEMBERS: THE GOVERNOR OF TANGANYIKA, SIR RICHARD TURNBULL.

In Dar-es-Salaam on October 14, the Legislative Council opened, with fifteen elected members for the first time joining the representative members. The fifteen represent the five constituencies which have so far polled, there being one African, one Asian and one European member for each constituency. These fifteen include two women.



TANGANYIKA. ONE OF THE ELECTED MEMBERS, CHIEF A. S. FUNDIKIRA, REPRESENTING THE WESTERN PROVINCE (RIGHT), TAKING THE OATH.

ISLES OF UNREST.

"THE SUGAR ISLANDS—A COLLECTION OF PIECES WRITTEN ABOUT THE WEST INDIES BETWEEN 1928 AND 1953."

By ALEC WAUGH.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THIS book has appeared at a singularly opportune moment, for after more than a century of oblivion and neglect by the outside world the West Indies are once more in the news. Since the Second World War they have taken the place of the French Riviera as the playground of the rich, while to their economic conditions is due the immigration into England of their inhabitants whose presence has been the cause of—or the excuse for—the recent racial riots in Nottingham and North Kensington. In these pages Mr. Waugh has collected a number of articles which he has written about the West Indies during the past thirty years, and he has here and there added a note calling attention to the more important changes that have taken place in the interval; the result is a volume of real charm and of no inconsiderable value.

Let it be said at once that one of the main difficulties in the way of a clear understanding of West Indian history is sentimentality, and even Mr. Waugh is not wholly immune from this peculiarly Anglo-Saxon weakness. It is easy, for instance, to wax indignant at the extermination of the Caribs by their Spanish conquerors, and at the pursuit of the surviving natives by fierce dogs in their last hiding-places in the hills, but the more closely one examines these said Caribs the less attractive they appear; there was certainly nothing of the "noble savage" of Rousseau's imagination about them. When Columbus, on his second voyage to America, landed on Guadalupe he discovered quite unequivocal signs of cannibalism, and members of his crew freed a number of castrated Arawak boys who had been captured by the Caribs, and were being fattened for the pot; nor was this all, for when a number of young girls came swimming across to the flagship it transpired that they had escaped from cages where they were kept by the Caribs for the sole purpose of producing babies whom the local epicures considered a special delicacy on a menu. On the whole, therefore, there was surely a good deal to be said for the *conquistador* even if his methods left something to be desired when judged by modern standards.

Of the negro slaves who replaced the Caribs the author wisely comments:

A negro was worth between a hundred and a hundred and fifty pounds. One does not by wanton cruelty lessen the value of one's property. On the well-run estates the negro was happy and well cared for. He had his own hut, his own garden, whose produce he could sell, and from which he could make enough to purchase his freedom if he cared. His old age and his children were provided for.... There were punishments, and brutal punishments, but they were used in an age of punishment, when the flogging of sailors and soldiers was regarded as a necessary piece of discipline.

Bryan Edwards is quoted as having expressed the opinion that the condition of the slave in the West Indies was no worse than that of the contemporary European peasant—one is tempted to ask if it was not possibly better than that of his descendant in the slums of an English city.

In the Caribbean as elsewhere there has always been a sharp difference between the French and British colonies. The French are good colonists, but they are never really happy out of France, and they did not make their homes in the West

Indies. Their one object was to be able to acquire enough property to live in Paris on the revenues of their estates, and it was by their bailiffs that the slaves were ill-treated: as in Ireland, absenteeism was responsible for many of the barbarities that were committed. On the other hand, British colonies are more British than Britain itself. "An American would learn as much about England by dividing three months between Grenada, Barbados, and St. Lucia as he would by spending a year in London. He would see a microcosm of English society." Wherever the Englishman goes, and however short the prospect of his stay, he makes his home. That is why the history of the French West Indies is so much more bloody than that of the islands in British hands, and why the worst of the slave revolts took place there.

In an easy style Mr. Waugh covers the seventeenth century when the Buccaneers had their base at Tortuga, and the eighteenth when the demand for sugar turned the West Indies into the

Indies reported their economic condition to be desperate.

These events are latent rather than patent in Mr. Waugh's narrative, but they form the background against which it must be read. He is not primarily, or even secondarily, concerned with politics or

economics, and his powers of description have clearly lost nothing with the passing of the years: take, for instance, his account of a fight between a snake and a mongoose, to which Kipling has already given literary form, but which in Martinique is a staged, not a casual, encounter:

It was the first time that I had seen such a fight. There is not actually a great deal to see. It is darkish inside the building, the pit itself is netted over, and through the mesh of wire it is hard to distinguish against the brown sanded floor the movements of the small dark forms. You see a brown line along the sand and a brown shadow hovering. Then suddenly there is a gleam of white; the thrashing of the snake's white belly. For a few moments the brown shadow is flecked with the twisting and writhing of the white whip. Then the brown shadow slinks away. The *fer de lance*, the most hostile small snake in the world, is still.... During a cockfight there is an incessant noise. Everyone shouts and gesticulates. But there is complete silence during the snake's silent battle. It has a sinister quality. And it is with a feeling of exhaustion and of relief that you come out into the street, into the declining sunlight. You are grateful for the sound of voices.

Mr. Waugh concludes the story of his wanderings with a visit to Puerto Rico, which has since acquired an unenviable reputation for the activities of its terrorists in the United States, yet some will see retributive justice in this. Indeed, over the whole of the West Indies is the fact of retribution. Bitterly have the European Powers paid, and are still paying, for the introduction of negro slavery, and equally is the United States paying for its wholly unjustified annexation of Puerto Rico at the close of the Spanish-American War. If ever there was a part of the world where it may truly be said that the evil men do lives after them it is the West Indies.

So we pass on from island to island as on a magic carpet, but in very mixed company; millionaires, beachcombers, and judges all join us

from time to time, and we reach the end of the book with the same regret that the author reached at the end of each of his visits. "Every island is different from its neighbours. That is one of the great charms of the Caribbean." Yet how much longer, one wonders, will this continue to be the case with the coming of democracy and the aeroplane, those two great levellers of modern times: perhaps, however, the French islands will suffer least, for our neighbours have an enviable facility for adapting changed circumstances to themselves instead of themselves to changed circumstances.

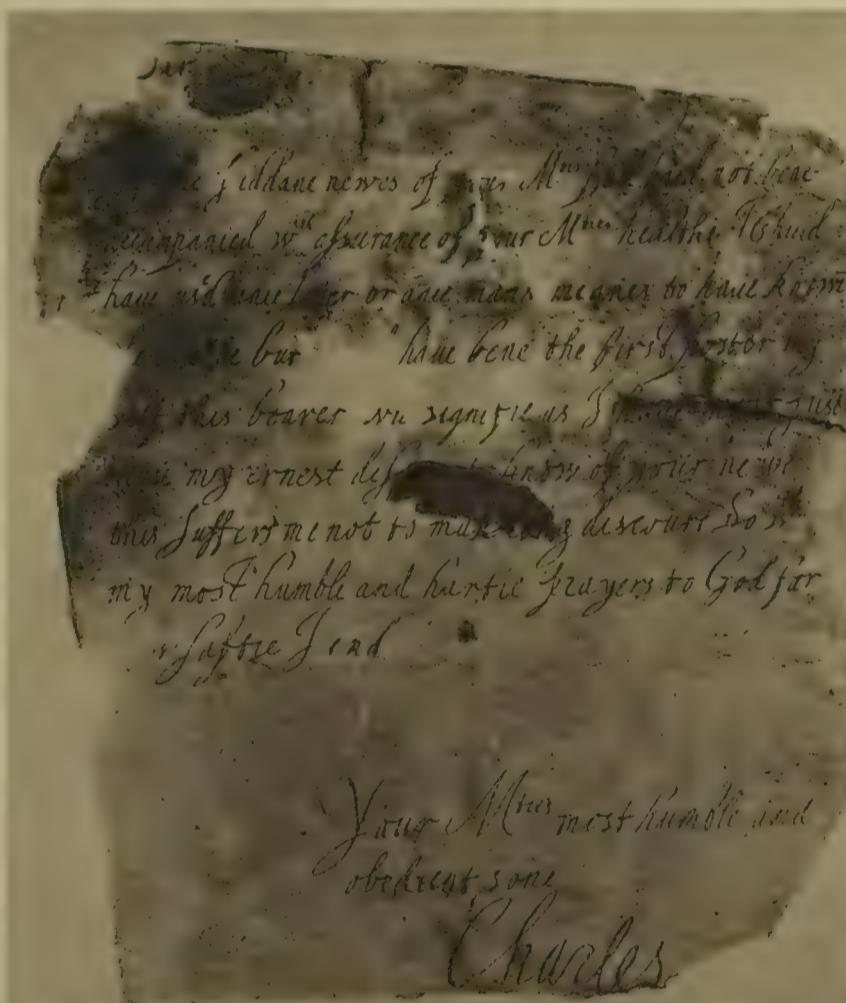
* "The Sugar Islands—A Collection of Pieces Written About the West Indies Between 1928 and 1953." By Alec Waugh. (Cassell; 21s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 768 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. ALEC WAUGH.

Mr. Alec Waugh, who has travelled extensively and served in both World Wars, has published a variety of travel books, biographies and novels. His last novel, "Island in the Sun," published in 1956, was widely acclaimed and was produced as a film last year. It is set in the West Indies. Born in 1898, he was educated at Sherborne and Sandhurst, and was gazetted to the Dorset Regiment in 1917, the year in which "The Loom of Youth" was published.



RECENTLY REDISCOVERED IN THE DOWNSIDE ABBEY ARCHIVES: A LETTER FROM CHARLES II TO HIS FATHER, WRITTEN WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD (1640).

This letter written by Charles II, when Prince of Wales, to his father, was found on the back of a portrait of Charles II on horseback, attributed to Kneller. In 1924 it was presented to Downside Abbey by Cardinal Gasquet, and it has recently been rediscovered in the Abbey archives. The letter reads as follows [with punctuation added]: "Sir. If the suddane newes of your Mties fall had not bene accompanied with assurance of your Mties healethe I shuld have used anie letter or anie mans meanes to have known [t]he truthe; but [?that] I have bene the first postor my selfe this bearer will signifie, as I have most just cause, my ernest desire to know of your news, this suffers me not to make long discours. So wth my most humble and hartie prayers to God for [you]r saftie I end Your Mties most humble and obedient sonne Charles."

Reproduced by courtesy of the Abbot of Downside.

N.B.—This illustration is not connected with the book reviewed on this page.

Low Countries of the New World. Then came the Victorian Age which marked their nadir, for they were hard hit by the abolition, first of slavery, and secondly of the preference for their sugar; so they sank into a state of lethargy from which it appeared that they would never emerge. Ports of call and naval bases on the world's sea-routes, which had been so eagerly accumulated in the French wars, were deemed of little value by Free Traders who believed that tariffs, restrictions, and wars were destined soon to vanish from the world. What might be described as the last blow to the old régime occurred towards the end of the century with the competition of European sugar-beet, and in 1897 a Royal Commission on the British West



ON HIS WAY TO GUILDFALL: PRESIDENT HEUSS PASSING THROUGH LUDGATE CIRCUS DURING HIS STATE DRIVE TO THE CITY WITH A SOVEREIGN'S ESCORT OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.

PRESIDENT HEUSS'S STATE VISIT:
IN THE CITY AND AT THE B.M.



IN THE LIBRARY AT GUILDFALL: PRESIDENT HEUSS ACCEPTING FROM THE LORD MAYOR A SILVER CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.



AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM ON OCTOBER 21: THE DIRECTOR, SIR THOMAS KENDRICK, SHOWING ONE OF THE ELGIN MARBLES TO THE PRESIDENT.

AT THE LUNCHEON IN GUILDFALL: PRESIDENT HEUSS STANDING BETWEEN THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND THE LORD MAYOR. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE LADY MAYORESS ARE ON THE RIGHT.

October 21, the second day of the State visit of the President of the Federal Republic of Germany, Professor Theodor Heuss, opened with a Diplomatic Reception at Buckingham Palace. At noon the President left the Palace in a Carriage Procession to drive to Guildhall. The route was lined by the three services and considerable crowds had gathered to watch the President pass. At Guildhall Professor Heuss was received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Truscott, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were among those there to meet him.

After extending their traditional welcome to the President the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London entertained him at luncheon. On his drive back to Buckingham Palace the President stopped for a while at St. Paul's Cathedral, where he presented a Crucifix and two candlesticks to the Dean and Chapter. Later in the afternoon His Excellency visited the British Museum. In the evening the President entertained the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at dinner at the German Embassy, after which the Royal party joined a reception.



DURING A BRIEF VISIT TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON HIS DRIVE BACK FROM GUILDHALL: PRESIDENT HEUSS PRESENTING A CRUCIFIX TO THE DEAN.

PRESIDENT HEUSS'S STATE VISIT: GIFTS AND ENGAGEMENTS IN LONDON AND OXFORD.



AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: THE PRESIDENT PRESENTING A GIFT OF £5000 TO THE PROVOST OF COVENTRY AS A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS THE BUILDING OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL.



AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH—BOTH WEARING THE INSIGNIA OF THE GERMAN ORDER PRESENTED TO THEM—TALKING WITH THE PRESIDENT.

On the final full day of his State visit, October 22, President Heuss drove to Oxford, where he was conducted on a tour of the University and entertained to lunch at All Souls. During his visit the President announced the gift of a fellowship to the University. Named the Theodor Heuss Research Fellowship, it will enable five young graduates each to spend a year of study in Germany during the next five years. On his return to London the President attended a reception at the County Hall for those concerned with



AT OXFORD ON OCTOBER 22: LORD HALIFAX, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY, WELCOMING PROFESSOR HEUSS AT ALL SOULS, WHERE HE WAS ENTERTAINED TO LUNCH.

Anglo-German affairs. In the evening, after dining at Buckingham Palace, the President, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a Government reception at Lancaster House. The President left Buckingham Palace next morning at the conclusion of his State visit, and he flew back to Germany in the evening. In a telegram to the Queen, President Heuss wrote: "I was deeply moved that your Majesty, too, has considered my visit as a symbol of the rebuilding of the true friendship between our two countries."

**"LANDSCAPE GARDENING" IN SAND:
RECLAIMING AND ADORNING DUTCH DUNES.**



IN THE SAND-DUNES BESIDE THE BRIELSE-MAAS: THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO, BEFORE THE CONSERVATION-IMPROVEMENT PROJECT BEGAN.



A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SAME SPOT AS THAT ON THE LEFT, WITH MARRAM GRASS HOLDING THE DUNES, AND TREES AND SHRUBS ALREADY BEGINNING TO PROSPER.



"TENELLA PLAS" OR "BOG PIMPERNEL PARK": A FORMER BARREN TRACT, NOW RECOVERED AND USED AS AN INSTRUCTIONAL AREA OF GREAT BOTANICAL INTEREST.



PART OF THE "ATLANTIC WALL," A GERMAN DEFENCE WORK. THESE INDESTRUCTIBLE EYESORES HAVE NOW BEEN BURIED AND PLANTED, AS (RIGHT) . . .

Sand-dunes everywhere are fascinating; but in Holland they have an especial importance. There they are bulwarks against the continually threatening sea, natural playgrounds in a country so densely populated and intensively cultivated that natural playgrounds are few, and also the habitats of plants and animals otherwise menaced with extinction. Our photographs were taken in a stretch of some seven miles beside the estuary of the Brielse-Maas, a little south of the Hook of Holland, which have been entrusted to a landscape



. . . A GERMAN BUNKER AFTER TREATMENT. THE CONCRETE PILL-BOX HAS BEEN COVERED WITH SANDY SOIL, AND PLANTED WITH MARRAM GRASS, SCRUB AND AUSTRIAN PINE.

gardener of repute, Mr. C. Sipkes, with the object of improving them in all three aspects. This particular stretch was intensively fortified by the Germans as part of the Atlantic Wall and it was as a result encumbered with many unsightly concrete bunkers and had become a devastated area of drifting sand. The first essential was to anchor this sand; and in this task buried brushwood and, most particularly, marram grass (and a Baltic hybrid which is even tuftier) have played the leading parts. Tree and [Continued opposite.

MAKING A PLAYGROUND AND NATURE RESERVE: SOME DUTCH WAYS AND MEANS IN ACTION.



AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT NATURE, WITH SOME HELP FROM MAN, CAN DO. IN 1910 THIS WAS A BARE AND WAVE-WASHED BEACH, BESIDE THE BRIELSE-MAAS ESTUARY.



MARRAM GRASS IS INVALUABLE IN HOLDING DUNES TOGETHER, AS THE UNDERGROUND STOLONS SEND UP LINES OF NEW TUFTS. A BALTIC HYBRID MARRAM IS EVEN TUFTIER.



BRUSHWOOD AND DEAD BRANCHES ARE STUCK INTO THE CRESTS OF THE DUNES AND HELP TO PREVENT THEM MOVING WITH THE WIND AND SO OVERWHELMING YOUNG GROWTH NEARBY.

Continued.] shrub planting follows on consolidation; and in the covering over of the bunkers Austrian pine has been planted extensively. Alder, birch and various willows are used and in experimental nursery plots a number of non-native trees are being tested. One area, of especial botanical interest, now called "Tenella Plas" from the bog pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*) which grew there has been developed as an "Instruction Park" and plants of botanical

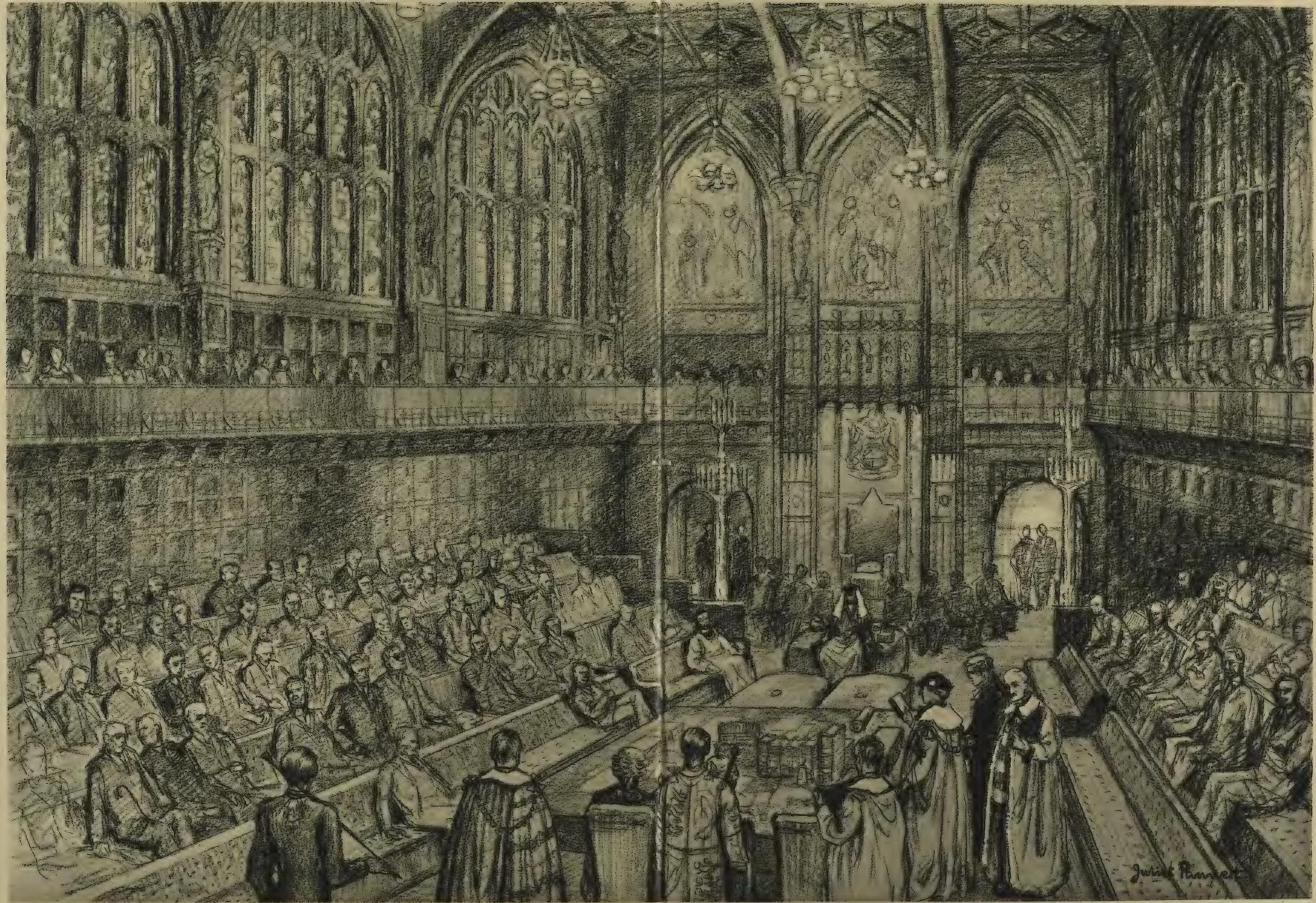


LONE PINE, CLEAN SAND AND RUSTLING MARRAM GRASS—A DELIGHTFUL STUDY OF THE BEAUTIES OF THE DUNES. AUSTRIAN PINES ARE MUCH USED IN PLANTING.



THE ORANGE-BERIED SEA BUCKTHORN (*HIPPOPHAE RHAMNOIDES*) WHICH IS A COMMON, USEFUL—AND BEAUTIFUL—PLANT OF THE AREA.

interest have been introduced there. In general plants are protected, but there are special "picking meadows"; and there are also certain reserved camping places. Formerly rabbits were a menace both to the vegetation and the actual structure of the dunes, but owing to myxomatosis there are now hardly any, indeed it might be better if there were a few more, to keep the grass short, provided their numbers were controlled by some energetic foxes.



A HISTORIC OCCASION: THE FIRST OF THE LIFE PEERESSES (BARONESS SWANBOROUGH)

October 21 was a famous day in the history of Parliament, as it saw the introduction of the first two Life Peeresses to the House of Lords. Baroness Swanborough (the Dowager Marchioness of Reading) and Baroness Wootton of Abinger (Mrs. Barbara Wootton). Of these, Baroness Swanborough was the first in time; and our artist's impression shows the moment when,

after presenting her writ of summons to the Lord Chancellor on the Wool-sack (centre background) Lady Swanborough stood beside the table (right) and after the recital by the bewigged Reading Clerk, took the oath standing between her sponsors, Lord Chorley and Lord Burnham. In the centre foreground is Garter King of Arms, Sir George Bellew, in tabard, with (to

TAKES THE OATH ON OCTOBER 21. THE SCENE IN THE LORDS—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.

the left) the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, and Black Rod, Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks. Baroness Wootton, who was the next Life Peeress to be introduced, declared her conscientious objection to taking an oath and accordingly "solemnly, sincerely and truly" declared and affirmed her allegiance to the Queen. Two other Life Peeresses, Baroness Elliot

(Mrs. Walter Elliot) and Baroness Ravensdale of Kedleston (who is a peeress in her own right), were introduced on the following day. On the first day, Lord Parker, the Lord Chief Justice, was introduced, and the Life Peers—Lord Stotham, Lord Granville-West and Lord Shackleton; on the second day—Lord Fraser, Lord Geddes, Lord Taylor, Lord Twining and Lord Ferrier.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mrs. Juliet Pannier, S.G.A., who was present during the ceremony.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE: A FAMOUS TORONTO LANDMARK DISAPPEARS.



THIS IS WHAT UPPER CANADA COLLEGE'S UPPER SCHOOL BUILDING LOOKED LIKE JUST BEFORE ITS DEMOLITION BEGAN LAST APRIL, WHEN IT WAS FOUND UNSAFE.



THIS IS HOW THE UPPER SCHOOL LOOKED TOWARDS THE END OF THIS SUMMER'S TERM, AFTER THE DEMOLITION WORK. 460 BOYS HAD PREVIOUSLY OCCUPIED THE BUILDING.

In 1954 *The Illustrated London News* printed a story and pictures of Upper Canada College, Canada's most celebrated independent school, on the occasion of its 125th anniversary. The college had been founded in 1829 by Sir John Colbourne, later Lord Seaton. In the spring of this year, however, the main building of the Upper School had to be demolished owing to structural defects. This meant a loss of all the classrooms, laboratories, the Prayer Hall, kitchen, gymnasium, administration offices, masters' common room and staff quarters. The trouble started last March when a section of the third floor sagged several inches. Architects were called in and, due to their advice, the building was emptied within six hours. But after a delay of only twenty-four hours some teaching was resumed, and within five days all

the classes were accommodated. The Upper School boys shared the classrooms of the Preparatory School and were also put up in the Boarding House day rooms and the basement of the Preparatory School. Gone was the famous college clock-tower which had been a landmark of the city of Toronto ever since 1891. Food presented a major problem: for three months maids carried it through the shored-up passages under the condemned building to the Memorial Dining Hall. Now the staff and boys are being fed by outside caterers. No time was lost in making plans for a new Upper School building. Within eight weeks of the demolition the plans were accepted by the architects chosen by the College's Board of Governors. The new building will contain twenty-five [Continued on facing page.]

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE FIGHTING BACK: AFTER A STRUCTURAL FAILURE FORCING STUDENTS TO LEAVE WITHIN SIX HOURS.



A TYPICAL FOURTH-FLOOR DOORWAY SHOWING CORRECTIONS AT THE TOP WHICH HAD TO BE MADE OWING TO THE SAGGING OF THE MAIN ROOF FRAMING.



ONE BEAM OF A ROOF TRUSS COMPLETELY FALLEN AWAY SO THAT, IN EFFECT, THE ENTIRE TRUSS WAS USELESS AND WAS PUSHING OUT THE EXTERIOR WALLS OF THIS COLLEGE BUILDING.



Continued.

classrooms, a library, art and music rooms, a dining-hall, kitchen and administrative offices. The building will be of Georgian, red-brick design and it is hoped that it will be ready for use by the autumn of next year. The cost of demolition, provision of temporary classrooms and rebuilding will be about three million dollars. The Governors and Old Boys of Upper Canada College are working with great enthusiasm to raise the money through an emergency building fund.

(Right.)

EVACUATION DAY LOOKS MUCH LIKE THE END OF A TERM AS UPPER SCHOOL BOYS PILE THEIR KIT ON THE CAMPUS GROUNDS AFTER GETTING IT OUT OF THE CONDEMNED BUILDING.



UPPER SCHOOL BOYS WERE EVACUATED FROM THEIR CRUMBLING BUILDING INTO THIS PREPARED SCHOOL BUILDING WHICH WAS COMPLETED LAST YEAR. THEY AND THE JUNIORS SHARED CLASSROOMS.



BOYS MOVING FROM ONE CLASSROOM TO ANOTHER DURING A BREAK BETWEEN LESSONS. TWENTY TEMPORARY CLASSROOMS HAVE ALREADY BEEN CONSTRUCTED ON THE PLAYING FIELDS OF THE CAMPUS.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



SINCE writing on this page of the hardy variety of the white arum lily, I have had quite a number of letters from various parts of the country telling of the ordinary commercial arum lily growing in the open air the year round without suffering any ill-effects. In view of this, I went to a local nurseryman-florist and bought a pot-grown specimen which was



"A SUPERB THING WHEN IT PRODUCES SEVERAL OF ITS GREAT UMBELS OF RICH, WARM ORANGE BLOSSOMS": A FINE COLLECTION OF CLIVIAS IN A FAMOUS CONSERVATORY.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

waiting, with others, to be taken into a greenhouse, there to winter in gentle heat for flowering next year. I wanted to test it for hardiness, and have since planted it out near my two clumps of the variety "Crowborough," which have remained in their present position for several years, and have weathered, quite unharmed, some pretty severe winters, without protection of any sort. It would, of course, have been fairer to the plant if I had planted it out several months ago so as to give it time to become fully established before the ordeal by British winter overtook it. But if it survives under existing circumstances, the plant's claim to hardiness will be all the more convincing.

My two clumps flowered freely last summer, and a day or two ago I gathered what had been the flower-heads, and are now seed-heads, and extracted a fine harvest of seeds, by means of which I hope to raise a useful stock of young plants for planting out. I believe the flowers will find a ready market among florists' shops later on. I sowed a small consignment of seeds of this arum some weeks ago, and they germinated to a man, so that I now have several dozen hearty youngsters with the typical arrow-shaped leaves standing a foot or so high. I hear of the ordinary type of the white arum lily growing in profusion in some warmer, moister districts of Britain, and self-sowing and producing countless young seedlings.

My solitary tree of that attractive apple "Sops in Wine," or "Winesaps," has produced an exceptionally profuse crop of its handsome, brilliant crimson apples this autumn. But so it should, for apparently the apple harvest generally is good this year, and "Sops in Wine" is usually a free bearer. It is one of the handsomest apples that I know. Of good medium-to-large size, it ripens to a most handsome deep crimson, which is made even more attractive by a rich bloom on the surface of the skin. The flesh is firm, juicy and crisp, white, stained with pink—a most pleasing attribute—and the fruit is fully flavoured; in fact, perfumed, when ripe. I would have expected it

OF THIS AND THAT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

to become a popular market apple, being a prolific and regular cropper, and being so showy and attractive in appearance, as well as richly flavoured and perfumed. Yet in spite of these virtues, which might well make it a free seller, I have never seen "Sops in Wine" (British-grown) in the shops, and seldom met it in private gardens. Nor, as far as I can discover, is the variety offered, generally, by fruit-tree nurserymen; in fact, the only nursery that I know to stock it—my own tree came from them—is the firm of Stuart Low. But I seem to remember seeing "Winesaps" from British Columbia on sale in the shops at about this time of year. If I see them again I will buy a few, if only to see whether they are the same thing as the one I grow, and whether the flavour is as good.

Most people who make annual plantings of bulbs in bowls for spring flowering in the house will no doubt be doing these plantings—if they have not already done so—early tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, various daffodils and narcissus, and so on. But very few folk seem to think of growing the cheery little winter aconite in this way. Which

is a pity. The bulbs or, rather, corms, are quite inexpensive to buy, and absurdly easy to grow, and by planting in good time they may be had very early in the bulbs-in-bowl season. They can not, of course, compete with the lordly, many-coloured hyacinths, the tulips, the crocuses and the narcissi, but there is simple, homely, country charm about those little golden globe-shaped blossoms, sitting, each on its glossy-green Toby frill, which makes a bowl of them very welcome in the house in early spring. I see that there are six or seven species of eranthis, or winter aconite, of which *Eranthis hyemalis* is the commonest. It is a native of Western Europe. *E. cilica*, from Greece, has a strong family likeness to *hyemalis*, but is a more beautiful thing, with a pleasant air of refinement which puts it above *hyemalis*. The white-flowered *pinnatifida* from Japan I

have never seen. It sounds attractive. Nor have I met *Eranthis sibirica* from Eastern Siberia, but there is nothing in the R.H.S. Dictionary's description to make me feel that I simply must obtain it at all costs—"capsule stalked, ovate-oblong, seeds globose, slightly flattened," etc. But I have grown the Dutch hybrid *Eranthis x Tuberigeniana*, and it is a very fine handsome thing.

Alas, the time is fast approaching when I will have to bring indoors my collection of tender pot-plants—various "geraniums"—correctly speaking pelargoniums, my two specimens of *Puya alpestris*, a few non-hardy fuchsias, and other tender plants, so that from now on certain deep window-sills will be filled with plants. How much pleasanter it would be to have a greenhouse, made frost-proof with some sort of artificial heating, in which to winter such plants. The chief advantage of this method of wintering tender pot-plants is that



"THERE IS A SIMPLE, HOMELY, COUNTRY CHARM ABOUT THOSE LITTLE GOLDEN, GLOBE-SHAPED BLOSSOMS, SITTING, EACH ON ITS GLOSSY-GREEN TOBY FRILL . . .": WINTER ACONITE, WITH IRIS HISTRIOIDES NEARBY.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

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it does provide a little mild gardening for winter days when the climate outside is behaving like a drunken trollop. There is one window plant which I have been growing for ten years or so as to whose charms I have very divided feelings. This is a very fine and superior variety of clivia. It is a superb thing when it produces several of its great umbels of rich, warm orange blossoms. But the plant is a martyr to scale insect. The under-sides of the broad strap-shaped leaves are continually becoming infested with those foul little limpet-like scales, which exude sticky honeydew not only on the leaves, but drop it on the wide, deep window-sill on which the plant resides. Is it worth harbouring a plant which does that and has to be washed and have the scales wedged off every few months, all for the sake of two or three weeks, at most, of the handsome flowers?

LONDON'S ART MARKET: TWO EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTINGS AND THE SKIPPE COLLECTION SALE.



"SUSANNAH DIXON": ONE OF A PAIR OF DELIGHTFUL PASTEL PORTRAITS BY ROLINDA SHARPLES (1793-1838) AT THE SABIN GALLERIES. (9½ by 8½ ins.)

The Sabin Galleries' Autumn Exhibition, which continues at 4, Cork Street, until the end of this month, brings together a variety of British works of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. These include two coaching scenes and two French road-scenes by Charles Cooper Henderson, and three works by James Ward, outstanding among them the "Family Compact" shown here. There are fine portraits by Wright of Derby, Gilbert Stuart, John Hoppner and John Opie, and landscapes by George Barret and Benjamin West.



"THE FAMILY COMPACT," BY JAMES WARD (1769-1859). PAINTED IN 1834 THIS SHOWS WARD'S MOTHER IN CONVERSATION WITH HIS SECOND WIFE, WHILE HIS OWN SELF-PORTRAIT LEANS AGAINST THE COUCH AND ONE OF HIS BEST-KNOWN HORSE PAINTINGS HANGS ON THE WALL. (Oil on panel: 28 by 34 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF ROBERTUS VAN VOERST," BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (Black chalk and brown wash: 11 by 7½ ins.)



"CHRIST'S DESCENT INTO LIMBO": ONE OF THE TWO GIOVANNI BELLINI DRAWINGS IN THE SKIPPE COLLECTION SALE.

(Pen and brown ink, retouched in ink of a lighter shade: 10½ by 7½ ins.)

The collection of Old Master Drawings formed in the eighteenth century by John Skippe (1742-1812), and now the property of Edward Holland Martin, Esq., is to be sold in 342 lots at Christie's on November 20 and 21. The collection consists principally of examples of the Italian School, among them works by Giovanni Bellini, Barocci, the Bassano family, Campagnola, the Carracis, the Riccis, Salvator Rosa and the Tintoretto. The non-Italian drawings include examples by Dürer, Rubens and Van Dyck.

"HEAD OF A WOMAN," BY FEDERICO BAROCCI (1526-1612): A DRAWING WHICH HAS TWICE BEEN EXHIBITED AT R.A. EXHIBITIONS. (Coloured chalk on blue paper: 12½ by 9½ ins.)

EXHIBITIONS. (Coloured chalk on blue paper: 12½ by 9½ ins.)



"STILL LIFE," BY JAN VAN DE VELDE (1620-1662): IN ALFRED BROD'S AUTUMN EXHIBITION. (Oil on panel: 23½ by 18½ ins.)

In his Autumn Exhibition of Old Masters, which continues until November 15, Alfred Brod, 36, Sackville Street, has assembled some forty paintings, mainly of the Dutch School. These include a fine Italian landscape by B. Breuer, which has been acquired by the Mauritshuis in the Hague, but has been retained for the exhibition. Another painting that stands out is a small portrait (on copper) of a girl by Caspar Netscher. This hangs between two Jan van Goyen landscapes, and opposite a large oil sketch by Rubens.



"ORPHEUS CHARMING THE ANIMALS," BY ROELAND SAVERY, WHO WAS BORN AT COURTRAI IN 1576 AND DIED AT Utrecht IN 1639. (Oil on canvas: 29½ by 41½ ins.)



YEARS ago—about thirty, if my memory is not at fault—a young Japanese student, Yukio Yashiro, after sitting at the feet of Mr. Bernard Berenson at Settignano, published a book on Botticelli which was at once shrewd and sensible and as fresh as cherry blossom; obviously a



FIG. 1. CONTEMPORARY WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF IRON, PROBABLY RATHER BEFORE THE BIRTH OF CHRIST: A TERRACOTTA HEAD FROM A FIGURE OF THE NOK CULTURE IN NIGERIA. THIS IS ILLUSTRATED IN "THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA," THE SECOND BOOK REVIEWED HERE. (Height, 14 ins.) (Jos Museum, Nigeria.)

man of unusual perception and imagination and convinced, then as now, that art is one and indivisible, transcending geography and time. The Yashiro book noticed here, "2000 Years of Japanese Art"** (written, it seems, during a lengthy illness and edited by Peter Swann), is a beautiful production, with excellent plates in colour and photogravure—and so it should be at seven guineas.

Professor Yashiro begins with pre-history and comes down to the present day, ignoring those aspects of the Japanese talent which have so frequently impressed Europeans—things like the popular prints and netsuke carvings—and holding firmly to the doctrine which has inspired his whole career, that "works of art were not made for art historians—they were created for the enjoyment and sometimes for the salvation of ordinary people. The vital quality required of a lover of art is that he possesses sensibility and an awareness and love of beauty." The only trouble is that the word "beauty" can mean so many different things to so many different people that one can easily become involved in frustrating arguments if one pursues this line of thought too closely. But let Yashiro continue, speaking of the particular rather than the general.

In 1953 he brought an exhibition of Japanese painting and sculpture to the United States, which would seem to have been conceived on similar lines to the wonderful show which Paris and London have been able to enjoy this year.

We chose [he writes] works of the highest artistic quality regardless of the superficial impression of

* "2000 Years of Japanese Art." By Yukio Yashiro. Edited by Peter Swann. With 135 photogravure plates and 42 plates in colour. (Thames and Hudson; 7 gns.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

JAPAN AND AFRICA.

tourists or the involved philosophical commentaries of the scholars. We hoped that, by merely showing them without attempting to interpret them, they would be received and recognised primarily as art. With this purpose in mind we omitted the small and elaborate objects of applied art which usually attract the foreign tourist and restricted the exhibits to the finest paintings and sculptures. . . . The Metropolitan Museum houses masterpieces from the whole world. . . . To return from the Italians to the Japanese, the visitor immediately felt that the religious paintings of Japan had lost none of their impressiveness. . . . The thirteenth-century portrait of Yoritomo stood comparison with the masterpieces of Rembrandt. Repeatedly I questioned my own judgment and made the comparison, but my conclusion remained unchanged.

I think that anyone who was able to spend more than an hour in the Victoria and Albert Museum this summer seeing the Japanese sculpture and paintings sent over by the Japanese Government would find it difficult not to agree with this judgment, and his impressions will be reinforced by the power and grace of the objects chosen as illustrations to this book, not least among them the dry-lacquer figure of the eighth century A.D., 82 ins. in height, which Yashiro claims can challenge the achievements of any (Plate 19), or—among the paintings—and it is as difficult to choose from among them as it is from among the sculptures—such delicate subtleties as the Willow Trees, painted on two sliding screens, 68 ins. in height, probably in A.D. 1598 (Plate 131) or the Pine Wood of Plates 123 and 124. As to the latter, Yashiro notes that "the scene and atmosphere is familiar to every Japanese—the trees seem to play hide-and-seek in the mist—but as yet no artist had expressed its beauty with the same soft charm as Tōhaku (A.D. 1539–1630). Ink painting had hitherto been considered a lofty vehicle fit only to convey the philosophical ideas of China. Tōhaku was the first to appreciate the nuances of grey in Japanese landscape and to open the eyes of his compatriots to the possibilities of a medium hitherto reserved for Chinese themes."

The author's youthful studies in Italy and his sympathy with European fifteenth-century painting, render him a peculiarly understanding guide in making the East comprehensible to the West. As one turns over the pages one notices striking parallels with the art of other climes. A little gilt-bronze statuette of the Buddha of the year A.D. 606 (Plate 10) is curiously reminiscent of European Romanesque sculpture of about the tenth century and—rather surprisingly—there is one point of contact, if one only, between the art of Japan and that of Africa. This is to be found in what presumably was a magical image from prehistoric Japan, thought to be of the third or fourth century B.C. (Fig. 2)—an image in which there is no question of representation, as there is no question of portraiture in nearly all African art for the good and sufficient reason that if you make a portrait of a man you acquire power over him.

A wide survey of African sculpture comes from the same publishers with the text by William Fagg, of the British Museum, and 405 admirable photographs by Eliot Elisofon, of Harvard.† In spite of the twentieth-century cult for the naïvety and dynamism of these various ritual masks and carvings, it would be untrue to say that Europeans as a whole are particularly excited by

† "The Sculpture of Africa." Photographs by Eliot Elisofon. Text by William Fagg. Preface by Ralph Linton. With 405 photographs. (Thames and Hudson; 70s.)

them. To most of us, with our long traditions, they are remote, and very nearly incomprehensible; their deliberate distortions can make Picasso at his most imaginative look insipid. If we have been brought up exclusively on the classics, we are apt to find them revolting and the less tough among us have been known to be thoroughly scared by them. The majority are what we, in our condescension, call barbarous, and are none the worse for that, because barbarians, in this sense of the word, have as much brains and sense as anyone else. They are merely nearer the earth and are more likely to be frightened by the unknown.

The exceptions are, of course, the astonishing masks and heads from Ife, bronze and terra-cotta, which seem to indicate some influence from the Mediterranean area, and which, by European standards, surely rank high among the world's treasures, notably the mask and head of Plates 150 and 151. The note about the former is as follows: "It has always been in the possession of the Onis of Ife and is supposed to represent the third Oni, Obalufon II (only three generations from the creation of the world)."

Geographically, the fifty-seven styles illustrated extend south and east from the Western Sudan, the Guinea Coast and the Congo as far as the Mashona of South Rhodesia. A map provides an invaluable key to the welter of tribes and cultures. On the whole, the book succeeds in its laudable ambition of presenting the sculptures primarily as objects of art rather than as ethnographical curiosities which was the normal approach throughout the nineteenth century, though surely it is not quite true to assert as is stated



FIG. 2. A JOMON CLAY FIGURINE OF THE FOURTH TO THIRD CENTURY B.C.: ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN "2000 YEARS OF JAPANESE ART," WHICH IS REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS. THIS PIECE WAS IN THE RECENT JAPANESE EXHIBITION AT THE V. AND A. (Height, 10 ins.) (Tokyo, National Museum.)

bluntly on the dust-cover, that there are no intruding tricks of lighting or distracting camera angles. The point is that Mr. Elisofon, while knowing all the tricks, took all the photographs, so that in making comparisons, one is comparing pieces of sculpture, not versions of them by several photographers.

LIVERPOOL: ART IN THE AUGUSTAN AGE.



"THE MILKMAIDS' GARLAND, OR HUMOURS OF MAY DAY," BY FRANCIS HAYMAN (1708-1776): PAINTED AS ONE OF THE DECORATIONS FOR SUPPER BOXES AND PAVILIONS AT VAUXHALL GARDENS. (Oil on canvas: 54½ by 94½ ins.) (Victoria and Albert Museum.)



"JONATHAN SWIFT," BY L. F. ROUBILIAC (1705-1762), WHO WAS BORN IN LYONS, TRAINED IN DRESDEN AND WORKED IN ENGLAND FROM ABOUT 1732. (Marble; height, 32½ ins.) (Trinity College, Dublin.)



"DR. WILLIAM HARVEY": A MARBLE BUST OF THE FAMOUS PHYSICIAN BY PETER SCHEEMAKERS (1691-1781), WHO WAS THE SON OF AN ANтверP SCULPTOR. (Height, 28½ ins.) (The Royal College of Physicians.)



"SEASCAPE," BY CHARLES BROOKING (c. 1723-1759), WHO STARTED LIFE AS A DEPTFORD DOCKYARD WORKER. (Oil on canvas: 33 by 27 ins.) (Mrs. Phyllis A. Watson.)

IN conjunction with the Bluecoat Society of Arts and as part of the "Celebration of the Arts: The Augustan Age," the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool has arranged a loan exhibition of "Painting and Sculpture in England, 1700-1750," which continues until November 15. During these years the visual arts in this country did not enjoy the same pre-eminence as drama and literature, though it was a period when the foundations were being laid for the great heights reached in painting and sculpture in the second half of the eighteenth century. Foreign sculptors, notably Roubiliac, Rysbrack and Scheemakers (who are all well represented in this exhibition), were producing fine portrait busts and enjoyed sufficient patronage to occupy them almost fully in this country. In painting there were also a number of foreign artists at work—such as Michael Dahl, Hubert Gravelot, Philippe Mercier and the Ricci's—but men such as Hogarth, Hayman, Scott and Thornhill were assimilating the foreign influences to create the beginnings of the English school which flourished in the following years. Another very important feature of these years was the growth of middle-class patronage, which led, among other things, to the creation of the Royal Academy in 1768.

LONDON: RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT AGNEW'S.

THIRTY-FIVE paintings, ranging in date and school from a small panel attributed to Simone Martini to a panel by Sir John Millais, comprise the exhibition of "Recent Acquisitions" which is to be seen at Messrs. Thos. Agnew's, 43 Old Bond Street, until November 15. There are many paintings of exceptional interest, among them the important Salvator Rosa shown here, which, when catalogued in 1783, was described as "opera celeberrima." The early Reynolds double portrait is one of three English paintings—the other two are by Ben Marshall—which have been brought back to this country from an American collection. There is a fine Rubens sketch for his portrait of Louis XIII, next to which hangs a small panel—"Adam and Eve"—by Hans Baldung. Jan Both, Karel du Jardin and Adriaen van de Velde are among the Dutch artists represented. As well as the Simone Martini and the Rosa there are works of the Italian School by Luca Giordano, Baglione, Cosimo Rosselli, and others.



"PARTRIDGE SHOOTING NEAR UDBURY": AN IMPRESSIVE EARLY WORK (OF ABOUT 1750) BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788). (Oil on canvas: 33 by 45 ins.)



"THE DEATH OF REGULUS": A FAMOUS MASTERPIECE BY SALVATOR ROSA (1615-1673), WHICH HUNG IN THE COLONNA PALACE IN ROME. (Oil on canvas: 60 by 86½ ins.)



"JOHN, SECOND EARL OF EGMONT, AND HIS SECOND WIFE, CATHERINE," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792): PROBABLY A MARRIAGE PORTAIT AND PAINTED IN 1756. (Oil on canvas: 49 by 71 ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

BEAUTY AND UTILITY IN BUTTERFLIES' WINGS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT has been said that life on land is a perpetual conflict between the need for oxygen and the need for water. This is epitomised in some of the small desert animals in which the water vapour in the breath is condensed in the nasal cavities and passes back into the body to be used again. It is also illustrated in the breathing apparatus of insects. These have the body enclosed in a waterproof covering, which keeps moisture in but also keeps oxygen out, and with it has been developed a special system of breathing tubes. Along the sides of the body is a series of openings, known as spiracles, which lead into the breathing tubes, or tracheæ. The tracheal tubes branch inside the body, into finer and finer branches, and the ends of these reach into the fibres of the muscles and into the other tissues in a rich network. Oxygen is thus carried to all parts of the body while the loss of moisture to the exterior is reduced to a minimum.

This is an outline of the breathing system of insects which was largely discovered by the Italian anatomist, Marcello Malpighi, in the seventeenth century. In recent years it has been suggested that there are subsidiary mechanisms to assist breathing, and that these are connected with the colour of the wings, at least in butterflies. The details are by no means complete, and it is not possible to fit them together except in the most tenuous manner. But these details indicate also the way in which economy of materials and effort is effected.

Colour in butterflies—at least in some species—provides a means whereby males can recognise females. In many species it is also protective. The protection may be the result of a resemblance to natural objects among which the butterflies live, or of some startling colour or pattern associated with an unpalatable or nauseous property that warns the potential predators of the butterfly to leave it alone. In other instances there

butterfly has become trapped or because it has been handled, the wings are brushed clean of their scales, the butterfly is not only hampered in its flight but appears to be in difficulties in other ways.

Paul Portier maintains that there is in the interior of the wing an active circulation of air as well as a circulation of blood. In one family, which includes the burnet moths, when the pulsatory organs, driving the blood through the veins, were experimentally prevented from working, the insects were unable to fly. The same result was obtained when the large veins, or breathing tubes, in the wings were blocked with oil, so that air could not circulate freely.

In spite of the categorical statement already quoted, that the scales have nothing to do with flight, a butterfly or moth is unable to fly when all the scales are brushed off, even if no other damage is sustained by the wings. This is because, apparently, one of the main functions of the scales is to increase the respiratory surface of the wing.

When we say that the scale is a flattened bristle we are saying simply that bristles and scales have the same origin. Where the body and wings of a bee are hairy—that is, carry bristles—the body and



A LARGE CABBAGE WHITE BUTTERFLY. THE COLOUR OF THE WINGS IS DUE TO EXCRETORY PRODUCTS LAID DOWN IN THE SCALES WHICH COVER THE INSECT'S WINGS LIKE THE TILES ON A ROOF.



A COMMA BUTTERFLY, THE BROKEN PATTERN OF WHICH NOT ONLY ASSISTS IN CAMOUFLAGING THE INSECT BUT MAY BE ESSENTIAL TO ITS POWERS OF FLIGHT. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)



WITH LARGE EYE-SPOTS WHICH DETER ENEMIES AND ALSO ASSIST THE CIRCULATION OF BLOOD AND AIR IN THE WINGS: A PEACOCK BUTTERFLY WITH ITS STRIKING COLOURS AND PATTERN.

may be some startling element in the pattern, such as the well-known eye-spots, that cause an attacker to withdraw. These colours and patterns are inheritable, but the sources of the colours are varied.

The colours, whether present on the wings or on the body, are due either to the pigments carried within the scales or to the structure of the scales themselves. The scales are flattened bristles, arranged in regular rows overlapping one another like the tiles on a roof. Each scale has a short stalk which fits into a minute socket but the whole can be readily detached, as can be seen if one handles a butterfly or moth.

It has been categorically stated that the scales in no way assist the flight of a butterfly, and that they are solely responsible for imparting colour to the wings or body. Yet the fact remains that if, through any accident, whether because the

wings of a butterfly or moth carry scales. The two arise in the same manner but the scale has been much transformed, and the numbers have been increased enormously. Even so, a scale is not the simple affair implied in the remark that it is a flattened bristle. Its surface may be ornamented with longitudinal ridges and it is hollow. The cavity within is divided by walls into numerous compartments, and the walls bounding the cavity are composed of several layers.

Colours due to the structure of the scales are known as interference colours. They are like those seen in a film of oil or a soap bubble and vary in shade as the angle from which they are seen is changed. This may be the result of diffraction due to longitudinal ridges on the surface, or to the structure of the wall of the scale, or to the structure of the interior. Most of the blues and metallic shades seen in butterflies are due to such

"interference." In some species the female butterfly may be a brown or other dull shade or combination of shades while the male is a beautiful blue. The colour of the female in such a case is due to a pigment, and although this same pigment is present in the male it is masked or altered considerably by the interference colours because the structure of his scales is different.

In dealing with pigments and the structure of the scales we are dealing in very minute proportions but the effect of them can be decisive.

Exactly how the scales affect the breathing is not clear, but the mechanism seems to be similar to that affecting the circulation of the blood. A dark pigment absorbs heat more readily than a light pigment.

The black or dark-coloured patches on a butterfly's wing absorb more heat than the areas of light pigment. Within the wing, therefore, there is an irregular distribution of temperature. Convection currents are set up which influence the flow of blood, and presumably also respiration. In one experiment it was

found that the red markings on the wings of a swallowtail butterfly were responsible for 98 per cent. of the heat absorbed. When these red markings were carefully brushed clean of their scales, the ability of the butterfly to fly was reduced considerably.

This is not the end of the usefulness of the scales. The pigment contained in them, that serves the butterflies in courtship and escape from enemies, at the same time giving colour to the countryside, is derived from many sources, according to the species. It may be derived more or less directly from the food, and it is maintained by some that the green pigment may in some instances be chlorophyll, unaltered during its passage through the body. There is, however, considerable difference of opinion on this. Others are derived as by-products of metabolism, even as waste substances, as in the whites and sulphurs of the family *Pieridæ*, including the white butterflies that ravage the cabbage patch and the brimstone that heralds the return of spring, the colours of which are derived from uric acid. In the "whites" it gives a white pigment, leucopteryn, while the yellow pigment of the brimstone has a similar chemical formula but with less oxygen, and is known as xanthopteryn.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A GEORGE CROSS WINNER: POLICE CONSTABLE HENRY STEPHENS.
This picture was taken in Kent after it had been announced that P.C. Stephens, aged twenty-eight, had been awarded the George Cross. He won the award in trying to arrest a gunman in Bromley, Kent. The gunman shot P.C. Stephens in the mouth last March, but despite this the constable followed him 40 yards and tackled him.

BRITISH AIR DISASTER: THE LATE CAPTAIN F. FOSTER.
Captain Frank Foster, of Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks, is believed to have been at the controls when his British European Airways *Viscount* collided with an Italian Air Force jet fighter on October 22. All the passengers and crew of the *Viscount*, totalling thirty-one, were killed when the aircraft disintegrated. Among those killed were a honeymoon couple.

A NEW MEMBER OF THE GOVERNMENT: LORD FORBES.
Lord Forbes, who is aged forty and is the Premier Baron of Scotland, was one of the three men to become new members of the Government under the changes in eight ministerial posts announced on October 23. He succeeds Lord Strathclyde, who has resigned, as Minister of State in the Scottish Office. Educated at Harrow and Sandhurst, he formerly served in the Grenadier Guards.

AN AMERICAN PRELATE: THE LATE CARDINAL EDWARD MOONEY.
Cardinal Edward Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit since 1937, died in Rome last Saturday, an hour before the other Cardinals assembled in Conclave. He was aged seventy-six. He was born in Maryland, U.S.A., of Irish parentage, and was elevated to the Archdiocese of Detroit, an immensely important industrial area of the U.S.A.

A WELL-KNOWN CURATOR: THE LATE MR. E. W. SWANTON.
Mr. Ernest William Swanton, who for fifty-one years was curator of the Educational Museum at Haslemere, in Surrey, died last week at Twickenham. He was eighty-eight. From 1898 until his retirement in 1948 he gave courses in natural history at the Museum, bringing immense enthusiasm to his work. On retirement, he was awarded the O.B.E.



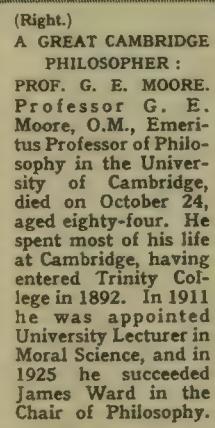
(Left.) AN EMINENT NATURALIST DIES: PROF. JAMES RITCHIE.
Professor James Ritchie, since 1952 Emeritus Professor of Natural History at Edinburgh University and one of Scotland's leading naturalists, died on October 19 at the age of seventy-six. Among his many important appointments, he had been, in 1939, President of the Zoological Section of the British Association.



BILLY WRIGHT, THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN, AND THE RUSSIAN, N. SIMONYAN, SHAKING HANDS AND EXCHANGING FLAGS AT THE START OF A FOOTBALL MATCH WHICH ENGLAND WON MAGNIFICENTLY.
England met Russia in a soccer match at Wembley on October 22 and scored a resounding victory of five goals to nil. The morale of the English team was thus restored after a series of seven failures, and the 100,000 crowd gave the team a tremendous ovation.



(Right.) A LOSS TO THE THEATRE: MR. NUGENT MONCK.
Mr. W. Nugent Monck, who founded the Norwich Players in 1911 and from 1921 to 1952 was Director of the internationally-known Maddermarket Theatre in Norwich, died on October 21. He was eighty. At the Maddermarket Theatre, an Elizabethan theatre, he produced Shakespeare's works and classics of many countries.



(Right.) A GREAT CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHER: PROF. G. E. MOORE.
Professor G. E. Moore, O.M., Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, died on October 24, aged eighty-four. He spent most of his life at Cambridge, having entered Trinity College in 1892. In 1911 he was appointed University Lecturer in Moral Science, and in 1925 he succeeded James Ward in the Chair of Philosophy.



(Left.) A NOTED PHARMACOLOGIST DIES: PROF. J. A. GUNN.
Professor J. A. Gunn, who was Professor of Pharmacology at Oxford from 1917 to 1937 and Director of the Nuffield Institute for Medical Research between 1935 and 1946, died aged 76 on October 21. He was also Nuffield Professor of Therapeutics at Oxford and wrote the successful "Introduction to Pharmacology and Therapeutics."



AWARDED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE: MR. BORIS PASTERNAK.
On October 23 the Royal Swedish Academy awarded the Nobel Prize for literature to the Russian writer, Mr. Boris Pasternak, whose great novel "Doctor Zhivago" has not been published in Russia but only in translation, in Italy, America and this country, where it was published in September. The son of the painter Leonid Pasternak, who died in Oxford in 1945, Mr. Pasternak has previously published principally poetry and translations.



AN EMINENT RACING DRIVER DIES: STUART LEWIS-EVANS.
On October 25, almost exactly two years after his entry into Grand Prix racing, Stuart Lewis-Evans died of injuries received in the Moroccan Grand Prix, held on the previous Sunday. He had quickly earned his reputation as one of the world's best Grand Prix drivers and was an outstanding member of the successful Vanwall team. He was married, with two children.



A LONDON "SQUIRE": THE LATE MR. WILLIAM STONE.
Mr. William Stone, often referred to as "the squire of Piccadilly," died on October 25, aged 101. In his twenties he made a distinguished entry into London society, joining seven clubs and many learned societies. He is best remembered for the immense help he gave to Albany chambers, Piccadilly, of which he was for many years Chairman of the Trustees.



NEWLY IN POWER IN THAILAND: MARSHAL SARIT THANARAT.
On October 20 Marshal Thanarat, who is supreme commander of the Thailand armed forces, staged a bloodless anti-Communist coup and proclaimed martial law throughout the country in order to "save the monarchy." He took control from the Prime Minister, General Thanom Kittikachorn, who resigned. The Marshal had flown from London, where he had been recuperating from an operation, only three days before he took power.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: FROM MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS TO NEW UNIFORMS.



A RECENT ACQUISITION BY THE DEPARTMENT OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: "AN ALPINE LANDSCAPE," BY PIETER BRUEGHEL THE ELDER. (Pen and brown ink: 6½ by 13½ ins.) This fine drawing, which has only recently come to light, is an example of a series of landscape studies made by Pieter Brueghel on a journey to Italy, and can be dated to about 1555. It was purchased with a gift of £2000 made to the Department of Prints and Drawings in memory of the late Henry Oppenheimer by his trustees.



APPROVED BY THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: A MODEL OF THE REBUILDING SCHEME FOR THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE ROAD JUNCTION IN SOUTHWARK AND (FOREGROUND) THE DRAPER STREET HOUSING SITE.

On Oct. 21 London County Council approved a rebuilding scheme for the Elephant and Castle area in Southwark. The scheme includes a 25-storey block of flats (foreground), 230 ft. high and the highest residential block proposed in London. There are also to be new premises for the London School of Printing and Graphic Arts (top left of model).



PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "CERES AND THE CORNFIELD"—A HITHERTO UNKNOWN WORK BY SIMON VOUET (1590-1649). (Oil on canvas: 58½ by 74½ ins.) This notable seventeenth-century French painting, which has been acquired in Paris, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Edgar Ivens, who has provided more than half the purchase price, is now to be seen in the East Vestibule of the National Gallery. Simon Vouet is not otherwise represented in the National Gallery. Summoned to France by Louis XIII in 1627 Vouet was very influential in Paris, where he painted this work in about 1634.



NEW UNIFORMS FOR THE ARMY: MR. SOAMES, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR (CENTRE), WITH SERVICEMEN AND WOMEN DEMONSTRATING SOME OF THE NEW UNIFORMS IN LONDON. A number of new uniforms proposed for the Army were shown to the Press on October 22. Apart from one streamlined battledress (left) all the men's uniforms are based on the officers' pattern service dress, and are made of the same material. Another innovation is a new raincoat to replace the groundsheet. The new women's uniforms are cut on "classical" lines.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION IN WHICH TWENTY MEN WERE KILLED ON OCTOBER 20: THE HEAVILY-DAMAGED LONDON TANKER STANVAC JAPAN AFLOAT IN THE ARABIAN SEA. Twenty members of the crew of seventy, including the captain and nine other Britons, lost their lives in a violent explosion which blew out the entire midships section of the 17,409-ton tanker *Stanvac Japan*, while on her way from Bombay to the Persian Gulf. Several of the survivors, who were taken aboard the tanker *Patricia*, were severely injured.

THE NAMING OF BRITAIN'S FASTEST FIGHTER; AND A VERTICAL TAKE-OFF.

SIR DERMOT BOYLE BREAKING A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE OVER AN ENGLISH ELECTRIC P.1B JET FIGHTER WHEN HE NAMED IT *LIGHTNING*.

THE SHORT SC1 VERTICAL RESEARCH JET PLANE RISING WHEN IT MADE ITS FIRST FREE FLIGHT OUTSIDE ITS TEST GANTRY ON OCTOBER 25.

The photograph on the upper part of this page shows the Chief of Air Staff, Sir Dermot Boyle, naming the *Lightning* jet fighter during a ceremony held at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, Hampshire, on October 23. The *Lightning*, Britain's latest and possibly last fighter, has travelled at more than 1,200 miles an hour in test flights. The photograph below was taken at the Short Brothers and Harland airfield near Belfast and shows the Short SC1 during its first free vertical take-off. The aircraft had previously flown vertically only when tethered

in its gantry, a system of cables providing a safety measure while it hovered. Four Rolls-Royce jet engines provide the downward thrust and, to withstand the hot downward blast, the first free ascent was made from a metal platform. The aircraft remained almost motionless in the air, its balance being corrected by a stabilising system using small jets of air at each wing-tip, the nose and tail. The engines can be moved in parallel pairs to alter the angle of downward thrust. During its free flight, the aircraft rose to a height of thirty feet.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is with shame that I confess to previous ignorance of the plays of the sixteenth-century Croatian dramatist, Marin Držić. Let me plead, in extenuation, that modern revivals of his work did not begin until 1938, and "Uncle Dundo," now at the Belgrade, Coventry, is the first of the comedies to appear in Britain. Its production by the Yugoslav director, Marko Fotez, is a happy gesture because Yugoslavia gave timber to the new theatre, and between Coventry and the city of Belgrade there must always be a special bond.

Having said this, I am at a loss how suitably to praise "Uncle Dundo" (its original title is "Maroje Dundo"). Perhaps we can call it one of the small wines that are enjoyed much better in

It is all something like one of the rudimentary sketches that Shakespeare could transform into a major comedy. Incidentally, Shakespeare would not have been in the least surprised by Držić's servants, Pomet, Bogo, Petrunjela, Popiva, and so on: he would understand them as well as he understood the prodigal Marin, or the Roman courtesan, or the rest of the people, with their confidence tricks, their brisk chatter, their acceptance of the oddest coincidences, and their lack of alarm at finding everything and everybody, as required, within a few square yards of Roman street.

I was sorry that we had no twins; but I was delighted to collect the birthmark. Viola's father

Dubrovnik to seek her lost lover. This girl wears male costume for no other reason (I feel) than that a comedy of this kind ought to have a masquerade. But Viola could do that sort of thing infinitely better.

If "Uncle Dundo" is go-as-you-please comedy within a familiar frame, Brendan Behan's "The Hostage" (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15) is a go-as-you-please invention without any special boundary. We know from "The Quare Fellow" that Behan has an Irish foam of phrase. In this new piece it froths unchecked across and around the dubious Dublin lodging-house in which a young British soldier is being held hostage. If a member of the I.R.A. is executed in Belfast, there must be a reprisal, and here is the victim.

That sounds like a terrifying subject, and we know how Joseph O'Conor dealt with a similar situation in "The Iron Harp." But Behan uses it to laugh at I.R.A. discipline, social work, anything he feels like discussing at the drop of a hat. The piece seems indeed to be extemporised as the actors speak. There is a good deal of swift Irish talk, some of it better than the rest, and when he feels that there is need for a change Behan will let the actors carry on with a ballad or so ("Most of the songs were written by the author, some of the others were written by his uncle. The rest are traditional Irish, or are borrowed from the repertoire of the music-hall.") Now and again seriousness breaks in; but my general impression of "The Hostage" is that Behan much prefers laughter, and that the semi-tragic ending is something tacked on almost as an afterthought. I say "semi-tragic" because the corpse (the Cockney boy has been shot accidentally) rises in a green light to join with the rest of the cast in singing "The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling."

It is nowhere near the O'Casey theatre; still, as a capricious exercise in folk-drama (with Brechtian influences) it has its amusing side, and Joan Littlewood makes one of her most successful and relishing productions. She has players (Howard Goorney and Murray Melvin, for example) who are excellently relaxed and true; and my principal regret is that there is so little of the Irish spirit in a company that does not seem to have been very close to Dublin.

This week I am left with space only for a postscript on a third play, which is far from



A SCENE FROM "UNCLE DUNDO," THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY YUGOSLAV COMEDY WHICH OPENED AT THE BELGRADE THEATRE, COVENTRY, ON OCTOBER 20.

Mr. Trewin describes "Uncle Dundo" as a comedy which "calls up innumerable memories of this romp or that in which, maybe, an outraged father, a profligate son, and a variety of ingenious servants move in and out of the accepted patterns of comedy." Above, Uncle Dundo (John Ringham), centre, is being restrained from attacking his son, Marin (Clinton Greyn), third from left. (Photograph by Lisele Haas.)

their own country. No doubt, in the tingling atmosphere of a Dubrovnik Summer Festival, it may seem to be the gayest business. But, put down before a Belgrade Theatre audience (one ready to be sympathetic) without any special preparation, it comes over as a mildly bustling little comedy of intrigue, so reminiscent of many others that it will be an effort to hold it in the mind.

You might say that it derives from Terence and Plautus on one side, and looks forward to Goldoni on the other. It calls up innumerable memories of this romp or that in which, maybe, an outraged father, a profligate son, and a variety of ingenious servants move in and out of the accepted patterns of comedy. The servants matter rather more than their masters and mistresses. Theirs are the inventive minds, theirs the pleasure in bland conspiracies, theirs the to-and-fro flurry that seeks to give a semblance of animation to the artificial manœuvres. The cheerful people, whether we meet them as slaves, confidential servants, or gentlemen's gentlemen, have scampered down the centuries:

What was brewing
In the rushing of the rally
When the valet sped the wooing
Through the maze of Molière?
Onward faster, ever faster;
Since a man must serve his master,
Scapin's is the only way . . .

Very often it is the only way. I think the best method of enjoying "Uncle Dundo" is to take it as a gentle curiosity, or, if you like, as one of the archetypes of the comedy of intrigue, the birthmark comedy (a character here has a birthmark on his left breast), the comedy of scurry-and-slither, pillar-and-post. Its dramatist was clearly a good-natured fellow determined that we shall never be left to guess at anything that goes on. (I cannot hazard what he might have made of Tennessee Williams's "Camino Real", which I met in a too anxious amateur revival a few nights before.) Držić's characters usually explain themselves both before and after any given action, and the comedy does not proceed until we are quite sure what is going to happen next, and why.

had a mole upon his brow; and I am certain that Viola herself would have been as much at ease in this comedy as she is in Illyria, on the Adriatic coast Marin Držić knew well. It is a pity that "Uncle Dundo" lacks a Viola. The trouble with the piece is that it remains a skeleton, a sketch. Everything must rest upon fuss and bustle. There is not a line of verbal wit, not a line of poetry. Margaret Flower and Oton Grošdik, who made the English version, have not managed to enrich it. In its barebones way it is, I suppose, beguiling enough, and it is certainly a collectors' curio, one at which—considering the reason for its production over here—we ought not to carp too much. Dr. Fotez has directed it at a lively pace in a single pictorial setting by Vladimir Jedinški, and the members of the Belgrade Theatre have come with vigour to their task. At the première Henry Manning, Jack Rodney, and Patsy Byrne—from the domestic staff—appealed to me as much as anyone; and I liked the decorative girl (Margo Jenkins) who has travelled from



IRISH PEOPLE WATCHING A MEMBER OF THE I.R.A., WHO IS TO BE EXECUTED IN BELFAST, BEING LED AWAY UNDER ARREST IN A SCENE FROM BRENDAN BEHAN'S "THE HOSTAGE," WHICH OPENED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, STRATFORD, LONDON, E.15, ON OCTOBER 14.

Above, from left to right, Meg Dillon (Avis Bunnage), Princess Grace, an effeminate young man (Dudley Sutton), Colette (Leila Greenwood), Bobo (Annette Robertson), Miss Gilchrist (Eileen Kinnally) and Mr. Mulready (Robin Chapman), appear in a scene from "The Hostage"—a play about a captured British soldier and an I.R.A. man about to be executed, which has only a semi-tragic ending.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"CHILD'S PLAY" (Players).—A revue by Sean Rafferty, with music by several composers; directed by Reginald Woolley. (October 27.)

"END-GAME" and "KRAPP'S LAST TAPE" (Royal Court).—Two plays by Samuel Beckett. (October 28.)

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN" (Sadler's Wells).—A new production by Dennis Arundell. (October 29.)

"GARDEN OF LONELINESS" (Arts).—Richard Duschinsky directs his adaptation of Gerhard Hauptmann's play. (October 29.)

go-as-you-please. Rosemary Anne Sisson's "Fear Came to Supper," at the Birmingham Repertory, is a carefully-planned and sharply-written "philosophical thriller" set in West Berlin. The dramatist holds attention on two levels; we shall hear more of the play, and I look forward to writing of it again. Meanwhile, I am resolved (and those who see the piece will understand why) never to accept anything from the most hospitable-seeming cigarette case.



ONDINE, THE WATER SPRITE (MARGOT FONTEYN), DANCES BEFORE TIRRENIO (ALEXANDER GRANT), IN A SCENE AT THE CLOSE OF ACT I.



THE END OF ACT II OF "ONDINE": PALEMON (MICHAEL SOMES) CLINGS TO BERTA (JULIA FARRON) AS THEIR SHIP SLOWLY SINKS IN FRONT OF THEM.

A COVENT GARDEN WORLD PREMIERE: "ONDINE"—FREDERICK ASHTON'S STRIKING THREE-ACT BALLET.

On October 27 the Royal Ballet presented the world première of the three-act ballet "Ondine" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The choreography is by Frederick Ashton, Associate Director and Principal Choreographer of the Royal Ballet, and the specially-commissioned music is by the German composer, Hans Werner Henze, who was to conduct the first six performances at Covent Garden. The scenery and costumes have been designed by the Italian artist, Lila de Nobili. The

legend of Ondine, the water sprite, has attracted writers, poets and musicians of many countries, and Frederick Ashton has freely adapted Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué's version of the story. In his choreography he has been inspired by the sea and has tried to re-create "the surge and swell of waves." Margot Fonteyn dances the part of Ondine, and Michael Somes that of Palemon. Julia Farron, Alexander Grant, Brian Shaw, Maryon Lane and Leslie Edwards also have leading rôles.

Photographs by Houston Rogers.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE IMAGE OF MONTY

By ALAN DENT.

IT is one of those quite unbelievable things that actually happened. It happened in 1944 when, indeed, almost anything could and did occur. Where were you? Where was I? From the spring of that year till the spring of the year after, I was wheeling a heavy hand-cart or barrow round and round a naval hospital. This is not a complaint, nor did I then complain or look miserable. I may even go so far as to say that, in all its century and more, never has Haslar Hospital had a more conscientious barrow-boy, one more punctual in his delivery of provisions and medicines to the various wards, or one more gay and jocund in the performance of his arduous duties.

My only query—and I have been set off on this personal digression by the caption "Spring 1944" at the beginning of the new film "I Was Monty's Double"—is why men who are shoved into war-service should be given jobs diametrically opposed to those they practised in civil life. The real-life hero of this film, for example, was a minor repertory-player called Clifton James. He found himself in the Army Pay Corps—for the perverse reason that hardly anybody is less likely to be a dab hand at arithmetic than a professional actor of any sort.

Then suddenly to this actor—to whom war-service of this sort must have meant the most painful and humdrum servitude—the unbelievable thing happened. He looked so like General Montgomery physically that he could successfully, and even sensationally, impersonate that great soldier as the climax of one of those ghastly service-revues we all had to attend. One such appearance was noted by Major Harvey (John Mills), who just happened to have dropped into the entertainment in search of a girl he knew who was in the audience. The sham Monty gave him a startling idea which



TOWNSEND HARRIS (JOHN WAYNE) FIGHTING MINANOGAWA, A CHAMPION JAPANESE WRESTLER, IN "THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA."

he rushed to impart to Colonel Logan (Cecil Parker), his vague and over-wrought superior in Intelligence. Both officers had been at the end of their combined wits to devise a scheme which might convince the Germans that the long-loomed invasion might begin from North Africa and not in North-East France. If Monty were known to be in Gibraltar and North-West Africa, the Germans might easily presume that he was there to plan the great *coup* that was to end the war. So why not send out this sham Monty, if he could be trained to give a performance that would not only pass British muster but also deceive Foreign intelligence as well?

The astounding thing is that Mr. James not only achieves this feat of impersonation in the film, but that he actually did achieve it in historical fact. Monty's presence in Africa was reported by spies, and the Nazis moved several divisions from the Atlantic coast in direct consequence. It was by no means all plain sailing. Colonel Logan had to obtain the loftiest permission to attempt the deception. As he remarked to Major Harvey: "It's just a question of deciding whose head to go over." We

realise just how many heads this bumbling but acute Colonel has surmounted when, in a witty shot, we see him telephoning his Major:—"I've finally got to the right man!" And he is smoking a vast cigar.

More touching because more human are the scenes where the actor, Clifton James, has shaky

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



THE ACTOR CHOSEN TO IMPERSONATE GENERAL MONTGOMERY IN 1944: CLIFTON JAMES, WHO NOW RE-PLAYS HIS WARTIME ROLE IN "I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE."

Of his current choice Alan Dent writes: "M. E. Clifton James is the actor of the moment because he—a small-part unambitious repertory-player—was chosen to appear in real life as the man of the moment in the year 1944—none other than General Montgomery! In this guise he visited Gibraltar and North Africa, hoodwinked everybody including the German High Command, and thus made D-Day far easier and smoother than it might have been, because the enemy imagined that 'Monty' was not in England. How the amazing stratagem was evolved and how it worked are shown in 'I Was Monty's Double'—a truly exciting film with a crisp and first-class script by Bryan Forbes and much good acting to back up Mr. James's extraordinary impersonation. (This A.B.-Pathé film, directed by John Guillermin, had its first showing at the Warner Theatre on October 16.)"

misgivings and feels he has taken on a part far beyond his technique in the arch-soldier Montgomery. Drills and inspections come comparatively easily. But he has a particular ordeal when he has to move out of a set speech in order to conciliate some difficult Americans in his audience. He does it, and our own relief is almost as great as that of Mr. Mills's Major closely watching him. He has an ordeal still more severe when he has to come face to face with an enemy agent called Neilson (played with a subtle and dangerous smile by Marius Goring), who had

already met the real Monty on an occasion which the sham one has to pretend to remember. This is almost the best episode of all, because we are all but, yet not altogether, convinced that Neilson has really been taken in. Neither is Major Harvey. Neither is the sham Monty. It turns out that Neilson really is deceived, but it has been a very, very near thing.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"ROCKETS GALORE" (Rank. Generally Released: October 20.)—A highly enjoyable Hebridean farce—with Sir Compton Mackenzie at the back of it—on the fundamentally serious problem as to whether islanders can or should be deprived of their island in the name of modern science. Uproariously well played, with a happy but unlikely ending.

"CARRY ON, SERGEANT" (Anglo. Generally Released: October 27.)—A military farce, very English indeed, with William Hartnell and Bob Monkhouse as sergeant and recruit in the same camp at opposite purposes. Uproariously funny for those who can stand roaring.

"ROCK-A-BYE BABY" (Paramount. Generally Released: October 27.)—A rowdy farce in which Jerry Lewis is landed with the care of baby triplets, and a perfect scream for those who cannot resist Mr. Lewis—or who enjoy a perfect scream. Perhaps not ideal for those who have left an unfamiliar baby-sitter at home.

"INDISCREET" (Warner. Generally Released: October 20.)—Smart, light and rather witty comedy continuously kept from descending into farce by the mature and expert inter-playing of Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman, both of whom deserve full marks for charm in the art of "getting on" gracefully.

The ending subsides into fiction—an involved business in which the Nazis kidnap, or try to kidnap, the pretended Montgomery and are foiled in a way that could hardly convince the youngest schoolboy. But all this happens much too late to matter. Real life has a way of providing a mere anti-climax instead of a dramatic climax. And the end of the story for Mr. James must simply have been a business of taking off the General's uniform and handing it back to Supplies. Much credit is due to John Guillermin for a vivid job of direction, and to Bryan Forbes for a singularly pointed, nimble, and unstuffy script.

We are asked to believe—but find it much harder—that "The Barbarian and the Geisha" is real history also. Townsend Harris, a hundred years ago, was the first diplomatic representative of the United States to land in Japan. He found it far from easy because he was far from welcome. Hitherto any American sailors who happened to be shipwrecked on the Japanese coast were quite simply and summarily beheaded. Harris, who is somewhat woodenly impersonated by John Wayne, looks for a time like being chopped up likewise. He is grudgingly given a ruined temple to live in, and a lovely geisha-girl (Eiko Ando) is sent along as a hand-maid and a spy. (Note by the Way: I suppose it is just an indication of a hopelessly Western outlook that all these lovely geisha-girls are as much alike as so many lotus-blossoms.) Through the exercise of much stubborn patience, Harris manages eventually to visit the Shogun, a not very fierce potentate who is enchanted to receive a telescope and some bottles of liquor. It was all made in Japan, and the director, John Huston, appears



TOWNSEND HARRIS, THE FIRST DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES IN JAPAN, WITH THE GEISHA-GIRL (EIKO ANDO), WHO WAS SENT TO HIM AS HAND-MAID AND SPY, IN A SCENE FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX FILM "THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA." (LONDON PREMIERE: LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, OCT. 16.)

to have enjoyed a colourful holiday while making this big and empty picture.

Me no likee velly much! It is a pleasure to revert for a final moment to "I Was Monty's Double," which is for five-sixths of its length a thoroughly exciting, amusing, astonishing film. I shall revisit this very soon with the liveliest certainty of enjoying it all over again, and even of discovering some fresh subtleties in the script and in the playing of a huge cast. Most of all I shall bask in the reflection that Mr. James and his present critic could hardly have been further apart than we were in the year 1944. For there was I convincing hardly anybody but myself, and some nice nurses, that I was a naval barrow-boy. And there was Mr. James convincing half the British Army and the whole of the German one that he was the great soldier who has now become, not only the most momentous autobiographer of the year 1958, but also Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein.

"I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE": AN EXCITING STORY EXCITINGLY FILMED.



CORPORAL CLIFTON JAMES (CLIFTON JAMES) IMITATING GENERAL MONTGOMERY IN A FORCES REVUE, AND PROVIDING THE INSPIRATION FOR A MONUMENTAL HOAX.



COLONEL LOGAN (CECIL PARKER), LEFT, AND MAJOR HARVEY (JOHN MILLS) OVERCOMING CORPORAL JAMES' HESITATION ABOUT IMITATING GENERAL MONTGOMERY.



"MONTY'S DOUBLE" BEING WELCOMED TO GIBRALTAR SHORTLY BEFORE THE INVASION OF EUROPE WAS DUE TO BEGIN.



GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S DOUBLE TAKING THE SALUTE FROM A JEEP AT A MILITARY PARADE IN NORTH AFRICA.



THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S DOUBLE AND AN ENEMY AGENT (MARIUS GORING), RIGHT, WHO HAD MET GENERAL MONTGOMERY PREVIOUSLY—AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.



AFTER CARRYING OUT A SUCCESSFUL DECEPTION: MAJOR HARVEY, LEFT, LIEUTENANT CLIFTON JAMES AND COLONEL LOGAN.

"I Was Monty's Double," which is reviewed by Alan Dent on the opposite page, is produced by John Guillerman and has a cleverly written script by Bryan Forbes. This A.B.-Pathé film tells the story of the extraordinary wartime deception which was made possible by an actor's physical likeness to General Montgomery and his ability to give a striking imitation of him. The idea of the hoax began when Major Harvey was present at a forces revue in which the actor, Clifton James, who had by then been called up into the Army,

was giving one of his noted imitations. It was not long after this that Major Harvey and his superior, Colonel Logan, had obtained permission for Clifton James to imitate General Montgomery as part of a prepared plan designed to lead the German commanders into thinking the invasion of Europe might be launched from North Africa, and not, as was planned, from Britain. The ensuing events, which have been described in a book by Clifton James, are excitingly re-enacted in this latest successful British war film.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WHEN a novel is shrewd and entertaining—very good reading—it seems ungracious to reproach it with scrappiness and lack of mass. Even if these weaknesses have been felt and not simply made a note of. And "Justice of the Heart," by E. Arnot Robertson (Collins; 15s.), is very decidedly good reading. But though the airy texture might pass, the entire nugatoriness of the theme—or the alleged theme—is another matter; that, one has to bring up. The novel is presented as a "study in guilt": especially the guilt of Louise Downes, a brilliant newspaper woman and war widow, still ravaged not only by the loss of her husband, but, even more, by internal bleeding of the ego. What she did was not very bad, was in fact abundantly excusable; yet she can't accept it. The remedy is to keep running. And having run from her family, run away to work, run away to Fleet Street, she now starts running about Europe as a foreign correspondent. Till her flight is arrested by a young Dutchman named Karel van Epp. Why, says Karel, not run to something? Why not to Zanzibar, where a little Arab journalist has been clapped in gaol for an attack on the Resident? Louise keeps hearing about this, and being hypothetically shocked. Then why not look into it? Though Karel himself happens to work out there, he has no interest in Falla Lufa; but since she has. . . .

And that brings us into the straight: namely, Louise's sojourn in Zanzibar, her mission of "justice for the coloured"—and her new romance with van Epp, over the dead body, so to speak, of his coloured mistress. Only the love-affair, indeed the whole personal side—Karel, Cochi, guilt-complex and all—is dead wood. Louise is dead wood as a heroine. But as an observer, or an angle of observation—there she is good value, keeping us well amused with chance figures and far-flung odds and ends even before the start. Indeed, the portrait of Zanzibar is no livelier than the rather scrappy prelude, though it has a deeper interest, of course. And charm, too; and a very sympathetic, persuasive air. Louise has been silly about her Arab. He is a forlorn little man, sure enough; but close to, neither his "persecution," nor the sacking of his white hero Storr, nor the oppressions of his gaoler, the drunken Hilbery, are at all as she expected. Yet, having found her mistake, she will go on putting her oar in—with disastrous results. A most tiresome woman in action. But a very witty, engaging courier.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Friend in Power," by Carlos Baker (Faber; 16s.), is about the choice of a new president for a great American university. Homer Vaughn has reigned at Enfield for thirty years, but in another nine months he will retire. So the quest begins; and it can't help reminding one of "The Masters." Perhaps unduly—no doubt the head of an American university and the master of an English college are far from counterparts. And certainly the procedure is quite different; Enfield's man is chosen by the Board of Trustees, and their faculty advisers, the Committee of Six, only exist by grace. Yet both novels turn on a vacancy of power; and that makes one laugh. For Snow's fierce, subtle, intensive struggle is here replaced by a mild, somewhat elegiac drifting through the "gestation period," in a diffused atmosphere of *nolo episcopari*. No one injects the shrill note of concern into the long murmur of deliberation. As for our friend Tyler, the Voltaire specialist, he has an abstract horror of the job, and never dreamt he was in the running for it. He takes it, though—after a conscientious revision of his ideas. At which the Masters might well have laughed. But for them, I shouldn't have enjoyed this book half as much. However, it is a very nice one: "literate, intelligent and personable," as the jacket says.

"The Skinner," by Jay Gilbert (New Authors—Hutchinson; 15s.), makes a brilliant start to a new series. Though the substance is nothing rare; it is a romance of the underworld. Liz Buckley, young, ignorant and brave, crosses the line in search of a lost boy, and changes hearts with a gangster. At first she doesn't know what he is. Then Scotty tells her the truth—and is stunned when she renounces him. It would be suicidal to mend his ways; and yet at last, under the anguish of separation, he has a go.... The young author doesn't surprise one by her experience, for the plot has a strong element of daydream. What surprises is her mastery of means: the very firm hand, the balance of tautness and deliberation, active excitement and romantic essence. Technically she is wonderful.

"The Malignant Heart," by Celestine Sibley (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a less striking, but agreeable first shot at the whodunit. Murder in a newspaper office in Atlanta, Georgia. Paula Reynolds has been stabbed with a copy-spike on the desk of Katy Kincaid, who tells the story, and always hated her. Hard on her death comes the disappearance of the drunken and adored city editor, and his reappearance as a body, in Katy's car. It is at this point that she turns sleuth—backed by her father, an ex-policeman in a wheeled chair, and by her resented old playmate Lieutenant Mulcay. Nice and promising, on orthodox lines.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM AN IRISHMAN IN ENGLAND TO GARDENS AND GARDENING.

HOW do the English look to the Irish? It would be idle to pretend that I could not—if I were so minded, and if the Editor would tolerate the excusus—fill several of these columns with a selection of views on this subject. It will surprise none of my readers to learn that they might be paradoxical and, in certain respects, incompatible. But the job, or a satisfactory part of it, has been done for me by my compatriot Mr. John O'Donoghue, who aptly entitles his book "In a Strange Land" (Batsford; 16s.). Mr. O'Donoghue, as those who have read his previous book, "In a Quiet Land," will remember, is far from being an intellectual. He describes himself as "a peasant and a labourer from the wilds of Kerry." Indeed, he writes with a pleasant racy brogue, which comes as trippingly off the tongue as ever did the player's speech in "Hamlet," and I am not sure that the material and the treatment is not a good deal more attractive. ("Mobbed queen" was supposed to be bad, wasn't it?) In any case, I followed Mr. O'Donoghue's adventures, from the moment when he landed in England (only to find that it was in fact Wales) to the moment when he spent a night in a hostel (only to find that it was Durham workhouse), with the greatest delight and appreciation.

You get the quality of this book within the first five pages. When the author landed as an immigrant, in 1943, and was asked by a Customs officer whether he had anything to declare, he answered "I declare everything." That is, in some moods, the true Irish reaction, and Mr. O'Donoghue keeps it up till the end of the book. He has the inhibitions of his race: "I did not mind a little cursing or swearing if they were done in colourful speech such as country people use in Cork and Kerry, but hearing this young man from the Island of Saints and Scholars using a filthy, unprintable, imported sexy adjective five times in every sentence that came out of his mouth, gave me a terrible shock." (Notice, please, the word *imported*, and remember that this staunch Irishman was then working on an aerodrome in England. That is both authentic and significant.) There is a splendid little chapter called "The Rebellion"—yes, old and comfortable habits are hard to eradicate—ending with Mr. O'Donoghue's decision to try for work in a less harsh atmosphere. His comrade's farewell contains all the courteous charm and the lyrical poetry which distinguish his great nation: "May the shaking (of the dust of cement from overalls and boots) take the troubles of the world from you too," he said as we parted, "and the lifting of the burden give a lightness to your feet." Best of all, to my mind, is his encounter with a prefect of The King's School, Ely.

"Man alive" (he said to the prefect), "sure we live for ever thinking of the glories of our early Christian Universities, Glendalough and Clonmacnoise, where only the round towers, storied ruins and lonely tombstones remind us that they ever existed, so I'm damned sure we should think it a great honour if we could boast of such a lovely living place as Cambridge is today."

"The intellectual English see things that way," he said, "but the working classes would rather see the colleges cleared away with bulldozers so that they might get jobs and earn bonus putting up offices in the shape of great concrete boxes in their places."

Then I remembered the remark of a woman living in the town who said she hated the sight of the colleges because they looked like so many prisons. . . .

Mr. O'Donoghue's eyes are open, but not at all starry. He has written a gay and kindly book, wise with the rueful wisdom of his land.

Now I shall turn to three books on gardening. Miss Sylvia Crowe is a distinguished landscape gardener and has written an impressive and beguiling masterpiece on "Garden Design" (Country Life; 52s. 6d.). Much of it is necessarily in the grand manner. Thus we move from Blenheim and Montacute to Sissinghurst; thence across to Copenhagen and Vienna; to the Villa d'Este, the Villa Lante and the Boboli gardens in Italy; to the gardens of the Generalife, of the Alcazar, and those of the Duke of Alba in Seville. But Miss Crowe is not only concerned with magnificence. She covers the whole ground thoroughly, taking in private gardens, allotments, factory and school gardens. There is much beauty in this book; in Miss Crowe's prose as in her excellent illustrations.

My two other books this week, both on a similar topic, are delightful, but more restricted in their approach. All I can say about "Intelligent Gardening" (Collingridge; 18s.), by F. R. McQuown, is that I wish that I had more than a few square yards, most of them paved, in order to try out some of his ingenious and intelligent ideas. Who would not agree with his (intentionally?) deliciously restrained new definition of weeds: "plants which are generally considered undesirable by gardeners"? And his book fairly bears out its purpose, which is to give sound advice to the gardener who has no money to throw away, and who wants a good return for every penny spent.

The late W. J. Bean, formerly curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, has written a full and instructive book on "Ornamental Trees" (Country Life; 18s.). His work has been revised by Mr. S. A. Pearce, and should be much appreciated by specialists, as well as by those who are ambitious enough to enter this rewarding field.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XIII.
KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.



"UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL"? BOYS—MANY WEARING CORPS UNIFORM—ARRIVING IN THE MORNING AT KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL.

King Edward's School, Birmingham, one of England's leading schools, was founded in 1552 and is situated in Edgbaston, adjacent to the University of Birmingham. Starting from humble beginnings during the reign of King Edward VI, the School has greatly increased in importance, experiencing various growing pains in the process. As Birmingham began to flourish, the School grew in stature, and its present greatness dates from the nineteenth century, when it was transformed academically under the influence of a

succession of highly distinguished Chief Masters. King Edward's is a Direct Grant School, with about 700 day boys, and in the years since 1883 the Foundation has been extended by the creation of six other schools in the City of Birmingham—King Edward VI High School for Girls, King Edward's Grammar Schools for Boys at Aston, Camp Hill and Five Ways, and King Edward's Grammar Schools for Girls at Camp Hill and Handsworth. The total number of pupils on the Foundation is about 4000.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL: THE MODERN BUILDINGS AT EDBGASTON OF A

In one of the Certificates of King Edward VI it is stated that "the... Towne of Brymyncham ys a very mete place, and yt is very mete and necessary that there be a Free Schoole erect theraboute to bring uppe the youth, being boathie in the same towne and nigh theraboute." The School's Charter was granted in the fifth year of the King's reign—following an appeal of 1548 by the Gild of the Holy Cross, in Birmingham, condemned the year before to be broken

up and to have its wealth confiscated, that part of its funds should be restored for educational purposes. In granting the Charter, the King ordained that the School should be maintained by means of an endowment of land. At first the School was housed in the Hall of the Gild of the Holy Cross, in New Street, a building which dated from the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century. The earlier part of the School's history is largely shrouded

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FOUNDATION OVER 400 YEARS OLD—A VIEW SHOWING THE BIG SCHOOL.

in obscurity, the chief source of information being the records of litigation in which the Governors were involved. The records of the end of the seventeenth century, in particular, tell of a serious crisis in the School's affairs, in which control of the School was narrowly prevented from passing to the Crown and the School was for a time without its Founder's Charter. Two centuries later, however, a notable change in the administration of the School occurred,

when the Governing body of twenty "trusty and discrete" inhabitants of Birmingham was altered to include, among other new members, representatives of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and London. More recently, further important changes have taken place when advantage was taken of the Education Act of 1944 to help solve the financial difficulties of King Edward's School and the other Schools on the Foundation.

KING EDWARD'S, BIRMINGHAM: VIEWS AT A MAJOR ENGLISH SCHOOL.



A VIEW OF THE SOUTH FRONT OF KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, IN FRONT OF WHICH LEVELLING AND DRAINING OF NEW PLAYING FIELDS IS IN PROGRESS.



GIVEN BY OLD EDWARDIANS AS A WAR MEMORIAL AFTER WORLD WAR II: THE SWIMMING-POOL AND CLOISTER, RIGHT. THE CHAPEL, CENTRE, WAS REMOVED STONE BY STONE FROM THE FORMER SCHOOL IN NEW STREET, DESIGNED BY SIR CHARLES BARRY.

At the beginning of the last century, there was a marked lack of discipline at King Edward's School, the police assisting in keeping order, and the number of boys at the School was only 115. The growth in importance of the School dates from the appointment of Francis Jeune, afterwards a noted Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, as Chief Master in 1834. The high standards of discipline and teaching which he introduced have been maintained by his successors. Since its foundation, the School has had four homes—three on the same site

in New Street, and the present one, some three miles away along the road to Bristol. The original building, the Hall of the Gild of the Holy Cross, was replaced in 1734. After a hundred years the School was again rehoused, in the "New Street School," which came into use in 1838 and was for long a noted architectural feature of Birmingham. It was designed by Sir Charles Barry, later the architect of the Houses of Parliament. The present buildings, designed by Mr. H. W. Hobbiss, an Old Edwardian, were first occupied in 1940.

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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE AUSTIN A.40 SALOON.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEASE, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E.

ONE of the most interesting small cars at Earls Court was to many the new Austin A.40 saloon. Styled by Pinin Farina, it strikes a new note in body design and combines the passenger accommodation of the saloon with the luggage-carrying ability of the estate car.

In appearance it may be described as a saloon with the roof-line extended rearwards so as to give full headroom over the normal boot area. The boot lid takes the form of an almost vertical tailboard, as is usual with an estate car, but the deep, wide, and slightly curved rear window is a fixture and does not open.

In construction it incorporates well-tried B.M.C. components, in a stressed-skin body shell, such as the A-type 948-c.c. power unit of the A.35 which develops 34 b.h.p. at 4750 r.p.m. But it has a longer wheelbase by 4 ins. than the A.35 and the track is wider by 2½ ins. It is, in fact, an appreciably larger car than the A.35, being approximately 6 ins. longer and 4 ins. wider overall, although the height is 2½ ins. lower by reason of the floor being set below the body sills.

Those who are familiar with the characteristic simple but graceful lines which distinguish Pinin Farina body designs will see the Italian influence in the sweep of the roof and bonnet. The roof curves gently downwards towards the rear of the car and extends in a sharp-edged peak over the rear window. The quarter panels, too, have a sharp rear edge, and the body sides above the wheel arches extend into wings ending in a rudimentary fin. Wrap-round bumpers, the rear one in three sections for easy replacement in the event of damage, stainless steel mouldings on the doors and front wings, and plated mounts for the head and combined side and indicator lamps are other features of the styling.

The doors are 3 ft. 6 ins. wide at the waistline, and as they also open wide they give very easy access to the front seats. Access to the rear seats is also easier than with a normal saloon, the front seats tipping well forward to give a reasonably unobstructed passage.

Visibility for driver and passengers is excellent, and the downward-curving bonnet contributes to this in no small measure. The screen pillars, although substantial in section, present the minimum obstruction in the line of vision. The wide curved screen, the large and deep side windows, and the large rear window combine to give the occupants an impression of space and lightness. Indeed, the A.40 seems a much larger car than it actually is.

The driving position is comfortable, steering-wheel and pendant pedals being well placed to suit the average driver. The short, rigid, central gear-lever, and the sensible pull-up handbrake-lever lying between the front seats are also conveniently located.

Normally, except when maximum luggage space is required, the space behind the rear seat squab is covered by a vinyl flap which is fixed to the seat back and attached to the rail beneath the rear window by turn-buttons. When necessary this flap is unfastened and the squab of the seat folded forward to give an almost flat floor space extending from the front seats to the boot lid. This increases the luggage space from 11½ cub. ft. to 18½ cub. ft.

The spare wheel is carried on the floor and has a neat vinyl cover. The floor and the back of the seat squab are rubber covered, and the boot lid opens downwards to make loading easy and has a lock operated by the ignition key, which also fits the offside door lock.

In performance the A.40 is very much as one expects it to be, for as well as the power unit, it has the front suspension units, steering, and the 7-in. diameter by 1-in.-wide rear brakes of the A.35. The front brakes are of 8 ins. diameter by 1½ ins. wide and have two leading shoes; the braking area is just over 76 sq. ins. as compared with 61 sq. ins. on the A.35.

Acceleration is quite lively for a car of this class and size, and from rest a speed of 30 m.p.h. is reached in 7.2 secs. and 60 m.p.h. in 35.5 secs. The willingness of the engine to run at high r.p.m. makes first gear useful up to about 20 m.p.h., and second up to 30 m.p.h. Third is a well-chosen ratio which gives over 50 m.p.h. for rapid overtaking or fast hill-climbing, and on top 70 m.p.h. can be exceeded. Use of the gears is encouraged by the good synchromesh action and the stubby central gear-lever, but the engine is quite flexible and it is not necessary to be constantly changing gear.

Cruising is quite comfortable anywhere between 50 and 60 m.p.h. and the car is prepared to keep up such speeds indefinitely. One can, therefore, make surprisingly good time on a long journey. Fuel consumption is likely to prove a surprise also, for according to the average speed maintained it will lie between 40 and 50 m.p.g. The fuel-tank filler is large and refilling can be as rapid as the petrol pump can deliver.

Road-holding is definitely good for a car of this size, and the increase in wheelbase and track, small though it be, compared with the A.35 appears to confer benefits. The front suspension in particular rides rough road surfaces well, and there is little or no reaction noticeable on the steering, which is light,

precise, and almost neutral. If cornered fast a desirable slight understeer is found, and a little roll may be set up.

Good brakes allow the car's nippiness to be used to advantage, and they need only light pedal pressure to produce a high braking efficiency. The hand-brake, too, is really useful in holding the car on a steep gradient without the driver having to exert great force on the lever.

Beneath the dished two-spoked wheel, which is set at a comfortable angle, the switch controlling the lights and dipping projects on the right-hand side. The horn switch is in the central boss of the wheel. Three neat and precise acting tumbler switches in the centre of the fascia rail control, from left to right, panel light, flashing direction indicators, and screen-wiper. Beneath them is the radio loudspeaker, an extra of course.

In front of the wheel is the speedometer and total mileage recorder, and incorporated with it are the fuel gauge, and warning lights for oil pressure, ignition or dynamo charge, main beam and indicators. The combined ignition and starter switch is to the right of the instrument cluster.

Swivelling ventilator louvres are fitted to the doors, which have balanced sliding windows. These can be locked in the closed or slightly open positions by movement of the door handles. On the de luxe model the rear side windows are hinged on their forward edges so as to open slightly for ventilation. The heater is an extra and the fresh-air intake is immediately below the screen to avoid traffic fumes.

In the end of the fascia is a glove locker, and below it a parcel shelf runs the full width of the scuttle. The panel above the fascia is covered in black vinyl to prevent reflections in the screen, and the edge of the panel has a soft rubber crash pad.

The bonnet is unlocked by a control under the fascia and has a safety catch. The A emblem on it forms a handle for lifting it, and a hinged stay is provided to prop it up. Accessibility of the battery, oil filler, and brake and clutch hydraulic reservoirs for topping up is a good feature for the keen owner-driver who carries out his own maintenance.

To sum up, the A.40 is not only attractive in appearance, brisk in performance, with unusual accommodation for passengers and their luggage, but it is thoroughly equipped to give comfortable travel. Basic price of the standard model is £450, which purchase tax brings up to £676 7s., and of the de luxe model £458 10s., or with purchase tax £689 2s.

MOTORING NOTES.

TO-MORROW, Sunday, November 2, the R.A.C.'s Commemoration Run from London to Brighton takes place. The oldest

car amongst the 206 entries is the 1888 Rogier-Benz entered by the South Kensington Science Museum. The driver making the longest journey to take part in the event is Mr. William Pollock, President of the Antique Automobile Club of America, who has travelled 4000 miles from Pittsburgh.

After the Motor Shows in Paris and London comes the fortieth International Automobile Exhibition in Turin, which opens on Wednesday next, November 5. The United Kingdom will be represented by nineteen different makes, and the U.S. by seventeen, of which some will be new models making their first European appearance.

Motorists who make long winter journeys find the Road Weather Telephone Service, operated jointly by the G.P.O. and the A.A., very helpful. During the six months the Service was in operation last winter 292,370 inquiries were dealt with. Motorists in London, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool dial ASK 6611, and those in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Cardiff and Leeds dial 938.

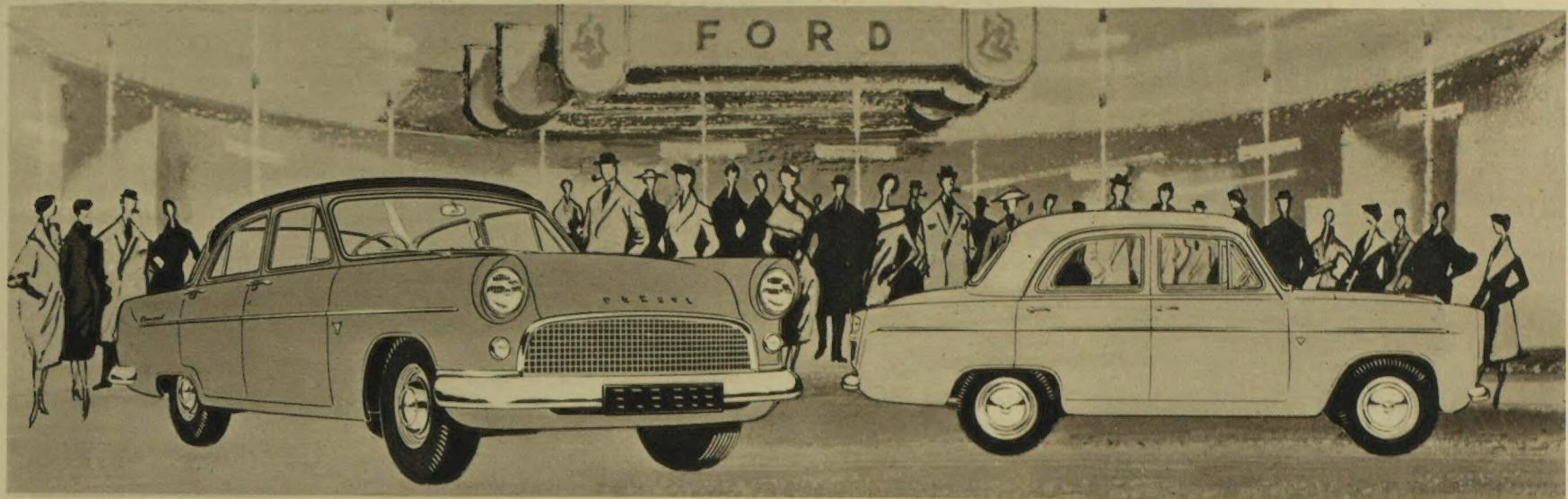
British Railways are running night express services for cars and accompanying passengers throughout the winter between London and Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen and Inverness. Details can be obtained from the Traffic Manager, Car Sleeper Office, Eastern Region, British Railways, Kings Cross, London, N.1.

The British Road Federation Ltd., have recently published their "Basic Road Statistics" booklet, price 1s., obtainable from 26, Manchester Square, London, W.1. While taxes paid by road users in the United Kingdom last year exceeded £500,000,000 for the first time, the total expenditure on roads amounted to only £120,000,000.

Those interested in historical motor-cars will remember a series of articles published by the *Manchester Guardian*. A selection of these, edited by J. R. L. Anderson, the Motoring Editor of that journal, has been published under the title "History of the Road," by Hamish Hamilton Ltd., 90, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1, price 18s.



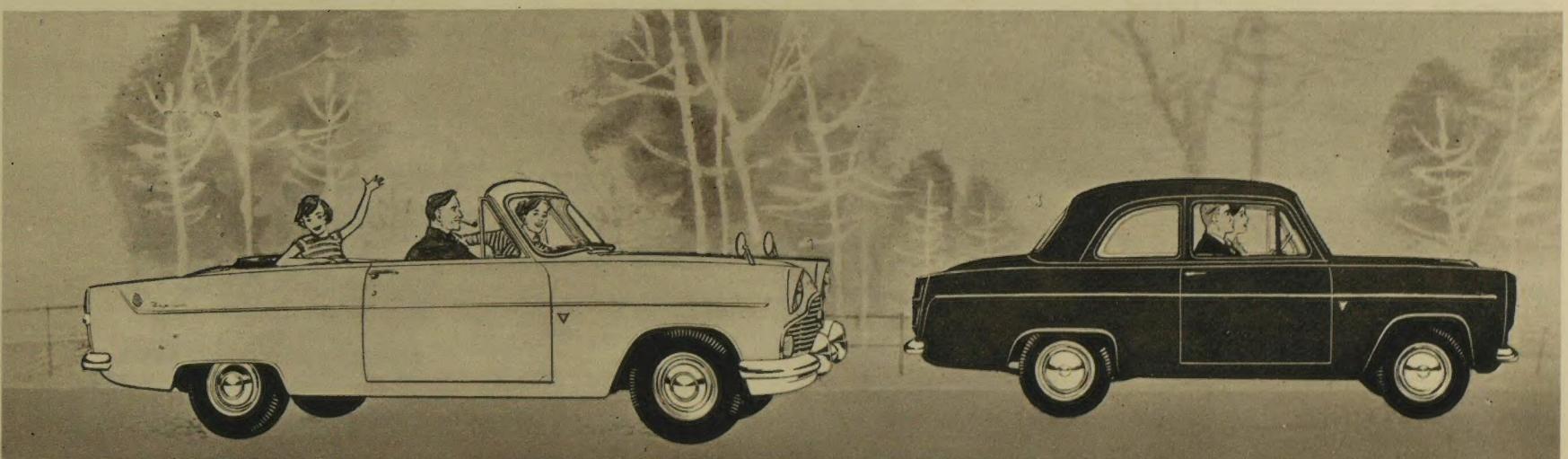
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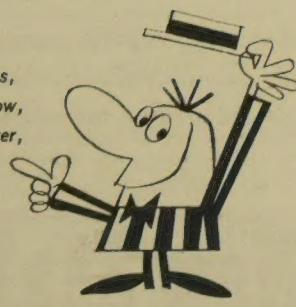
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Convertible	£778 Plus £390. 7.0 P.T. =	£1,168.7.0	ANGLIA	£380 Plus £191. 7.0 P.T. =	£571.7.0
CONSUL Saloon	£545 Plus £273.17.0 P.T. =	£818.17.0	ESCORT Estate Car	£434 Plus £218. 7.0 P.T. =	£652.7.0
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Happily the days when Norwich folk were forced to protect themselves from marauders are gone, but the need for protection from the financial uncertainties of this modern age is ever with us. The Norwich Union Insurance Societies, with their varied policies to meet such hazards, are proud to offer these services to the people of seventy countries.



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